

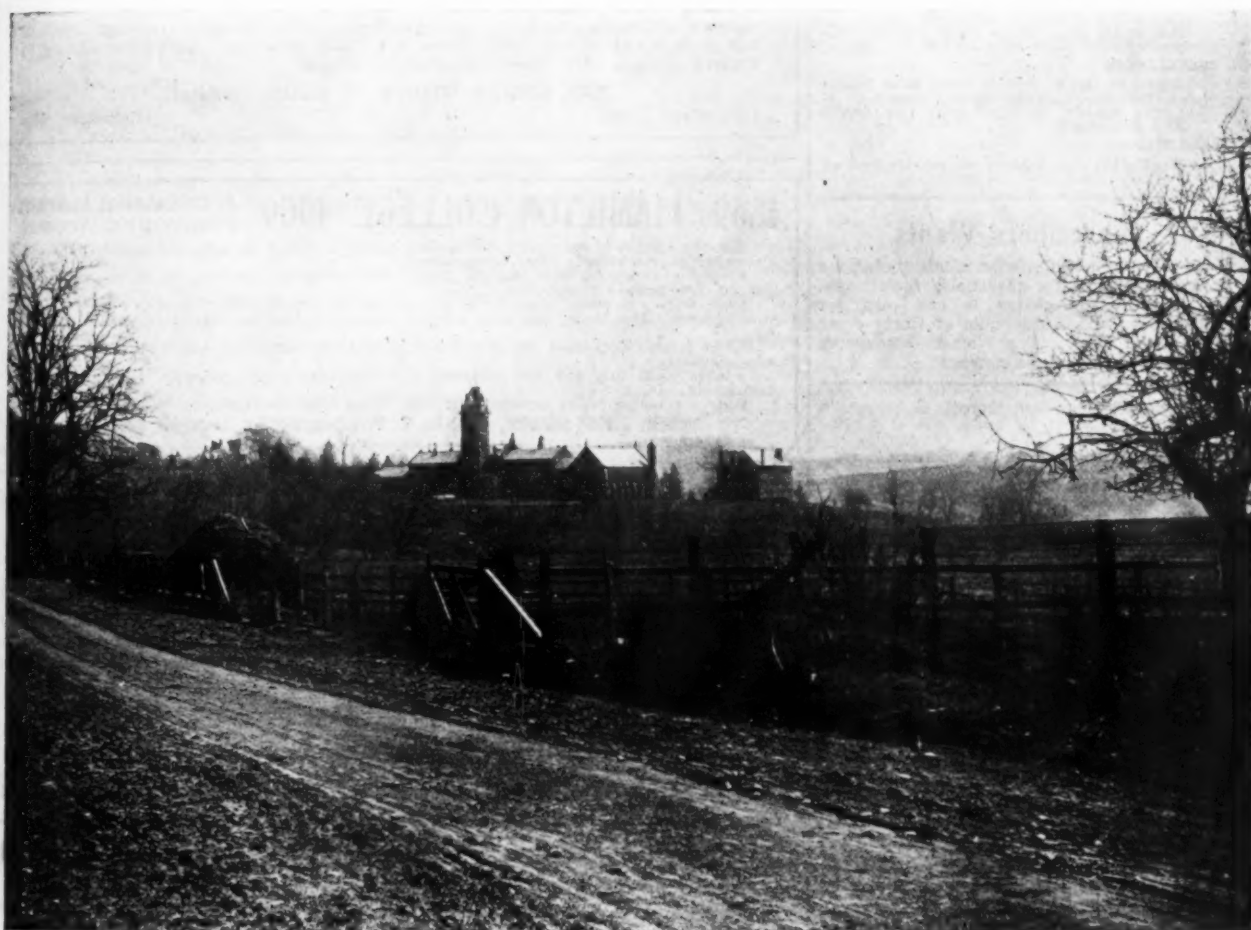
THE PREACHER AND THE PEOPLE—EDWARD B. BAGBY

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY

Vol. XXVI

August 5, 1909

No. 32



View As One Approaches Bethany, W. Va., Anticipating O. F. Jordan's Illustrated Article Describing "Scenes in Bethany," Which Will Appear Next Week.

Of especial interest next week will be a further discussion of the Elements of Progress in the work of the Disciples by Professor Gates

<p>THE NEW CHRISTIAN CENTURY COMPANY 235 East Fortieth Street</p>	<p>Chicago, Illinois</p>
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The Christian Century

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The Mule and Ike

An Atlanta merchant has frequent occasion to rebuke Ike, his dorky porter, for his tardiness in reporting for duty in the morning. Ike is always ready with a more or less ingenious excuse.

"You're two hours late, Ike!" exclaimed the employer one morning. "This sort of thing must stop! Otherwise, I'm going to fire you, understand!"

"Deed, Mistah Edward," replied Ike, "it wa'n't mah fault, dis time! Honest! I was kicked by a mule!"

"Kicked by a mule? Well, even if that were so, it wouldn't delay you for more than an hour. You'll have to think of a better excuse than that."

Ike looked aggrieved. "Mistah Edward," he continued solemnly, "it might have been all right ef dat mule kicked me in dis direction; but he didn't—he kicked me de odder way!"—Lippincott's.

—"What a world this would be were we all awake to the wonders of it, instead of being perception-muffled by conventionality and indifference."

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The Christian Century

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON AND HERBERT L. WILLETT, EDITORS

Do The Colleges Undermine Faith?

Modern Education and the Old-Time Religion

Much passion and alarm have been stirred up by certain writers in recent months who have endeavored to set colleges on one side and the churches on the other side of a wide chasm.

The colleges are working in a direction and with a method hostile to the churches, these writers say. What the churches build up, the colleges tear down. Professors and preachers are at cross purposes. Modern education and the old-time religion are at loggerheads.

It is no marvel that many parents, habituated no more to piety than to ideals of culture for themselves and for their children, are painfully confused just now in their purposes regarding their children's education. They read in the orthodox paper of the pathetic case of a young man coming back to his pious home from college, possessing his degree, but having lost his religion.

A prominent preacher in Chicago in a deliberate article written for a weekly paper states that "a careful study of the catalogue" of a certain university "shows that Jews and atheists predominate in the faculty and students."

We heard one of the best known evangelists in the country say recently that he would "as soon expect a revival in hell as in the university of Chicago."

A leading religious paper declared in a late issue that the fight now on between the universities and the churches was "a fight between atheism and Christianity."

From the popular magazine writer who describes most college professors as vandals "blasting at the Rock of Ages," to the Catholic bishop who declares that college instruction is "atheistic poison," we find a line of preachers and editors who are working themselves and their following into hysterical concern for the future of faith and of the church.

We would like to raise the question of the relations of the really progressive college to faith. What may parents expect will be the influence of the college upon the religious life of their children?

There are two sources of moral influence in a college: the spirit of the place, and the teachings that are directly imparted. It is a question which of these is the more potent influence affecting character. The testimony of Dr. Lyman Abbott based upon twenty-five years' experience in preaching to college audiences reveals a profound religious spirit in college life. Two characteristic questions, he says, are asked him by college students: "What may I believe concerning the invisible world? and, What service can I best render to my fellowmen? The spirit of human service is in the college air."

Dr. Abbott's interpretation of college temper makes a strong presumption that the direct teachings of the class room do not undermine faith. For if the typical thinking fostered by the colleges were prejudicial to faith it would register itself by a markedly different temper.

Nevertheless, college teachings do bear upon faith, and influence it. It would be disingenuous to contend that there would be no change; to soothe and conciliate the perturbed parent by the promise that his son or daughter would return home still possessing the parent's beliefs. This would end in pathetic disillusionment by and by, or else would betray the college to be no college at all.

There are two ways in which faith may be undermined:

First, by destroying its object,

Secondly, by destroying its method of demonstration.

Do college teachings destroy the great objects of faith—God, the spiritual nature of man, the imperativeness of duty, the authority of Christ, the uniqueness of the Bible, the divine function of the church?

Every person acquainted interiorly with the teachings of colleges would answer categorically, No! The teachings of the colleges tend to establish the spiritual view of the world and of life.

The old infidelity of a half century ago has no standing in academic circles. Materialism as a philosophy is obsolete among the scholars of today. The agnosticism of Spencer and Huxley may be utilized as a device for limiting the field of the positive sciences, but as a

last word on the great questions of the soul it is an intolerable answer to those teachers who treat of these questions.

The great verities of spiritual religion never had so good a chance to establish themselves as has been made by the college teachers of the last quarter century.

What change, then, in the religious faiths of their sons and daughters may parents expect from the teachings of a modern college?

Clearly, college teachings tend to alter the arguments by which religious verities may be commended or demonstrated.

The scientific method with which the student works in almost any department of the college is bound to loosen the hold upon his soul of the old time arguments for religion.

But it is the mistake of many parents and ministers to assume that because the student just home from college does not respond to a particular set of arguments for religion, therefore his religion has itself been undermined.

The argument that the vast and nice contrivances in the objective universe point to a Creator as a watch points to the watch-maker, may not be convincing to him. Yet he may be made to believe in God if he is shown how greatly God's presence helps in daily living. To him a higher proof of God's reality than that He has worked in past ages would be the fact of experience that He does work today.

He may not accept the authority of Jesus Christ simply because Christ fulfilled certain prophecies or wrought miracles or occupied a metaphysical office as Son of God. He may seem impatient with these rather complicated arguments involving so many presuppositions that he does not understand. But if he is led into the presence of Jesus of Nazareth and is shown the moral splendor of his character there will come to his mind no line of college teaching to restrain him from falling at the Master's feet, crying, with Thomas, "My Lord and my God!"

Parents and pastor will have difficulty and, perhaps, heartache, in persuading him to accept the doctrine of the inspiration of the Bible. He will ask strange questions as to what is meant by the doctrine and will bring forward certain facts that seem to make such a doctrine meaningless. He may even have gone so far in his non-conformity as to allege that Browning and Darwin are inspired, too. But it will be a fatal mistake for parents or pastor to assume that belief in the Bible is identical with belief in a theory of its inspiration. There are other helps to the college student's faith in the Bible besides the doctrine of its supernatural origin. Its intrinsic beauty and truth and power and richness are, after all, the best argument for its unique importance. Only get the college student to see this and the Word will become a lamp to his feet, a light to his pathway.

And for the church, too, and its work, a fresh statement must needs be made if the college student is to be interested. For the dogma that the church was supernaturally established, he has little concern. He does not want to know how it came to be, but what it is here for. He has studied other institutions—the state, the home, the school—from the point of view of their function in the social order and in personal life. What, he asks, is the function of the church? The simple task of parent or pastor is to make clear to the morally earnest college graduate the necessity of the church as a social support of personal faith and a mechanism for capitalizing individual services invested therein. Show him this and all the habits and teachings of college life will reinforce your appeal to him to take his place and render his service in the common ministries of the church.

In a word, the question whether or not colleges undermine faith is to be answered not simply by looking to the college but by looking also to the church.

And the really important question becomes this: Will the church adjust its arguments for religion to meet the practical needs of college-bred men, thousands of whom are being lost to the church because the old time arguments for religion seem now irrelevant?

The Trend of Events

By Alva W. Taylor

A CONCRETE COTTAGE FOR \$1,000.

There is being built today a concrete cottage for the sum of \$1,000 which holds out large hope for the working man and the small householder. It also is hopeless for the germ. Plans are laid by Standard Oil and other large employers to erect them in large numbers for their employees.

They are built of solid concrete after the Edison model. Floors, walls and ceilings will be dust and fire proof. There will be no paper and all corners will be rounded. The furniture can be moved out and the whole interior flushed and cleaned with a hose. Cabinets, ice chests, picture moldings, etc., will be built in and likewise made dust proof and easily cleansed. Fireplaces will ventilate and hot and cold water will be convenient. Coal will be stored in a receptacle opening on the roof into which it will be emptied by a simple chain device and fed easily therefrom to each fireplace and the furnace and cook stove.

DEED, NOT CREED, BASIS OF UNION.

John R. Mott has been called to the secretaryship of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ. If he accepts it will be an event quite as important as the making of a tariff and more far reaching. Mott has been the moving spirit of the World's Student Federation and the great Volunteer Missionary Movement for the past decade and a half. He is a missionary statesman. He has been ambassador to every nation where students are taught. His itinerary has been the lands of the earth. His organization has sent 3,861 missionaries to the lands beyond. He is a type of the newer Christian leader—a man of force and eloquence and of great practical sagacity and his message has been one of Christly service. On this basis he has had no difficulty in bringing to triumphant success a great interdenominational movement.

Thus if Mott becomes the active force in the Federation of Churches he will embody for it a practical working spirit. It will be that of service versus dogma. It is the only working plan for church unity. The creeds must be tabooed, the deeds must be the cement of the new order. Here are twenty-nine denominations of Christians with only opinions to keep them apart. They cannot disagree upon their knees nor in the work of fellow help. They have been clasified on matters of opinion, never on matters of service to men. Men will find it difficult to defend any aloofness from the work of the united church with a man like John Mott at the helm.

THE FERMENT IN ISLAM.

All Islam is in a ferment. The heaven of western and Christian ideas has been placed in the Mohammedan measure of meal. The light of education, to no small degree let in by Christian missions, has been a beacon to Persia. Turkey is in the very crucible of nations at Constantinople. But for the restraining hand of European diplomacy she would long ago have thrown off the mediaeval yoke of Islam. Morocco is a queer contradiction. She borders ancient civilization on the coast and is wild and primitive a few miles in the interior.

Persia's Shah follows Turkey's Sultan into the limbo of retired sovereigns. Morocco's new monarch will soon go the same way it seems. He was enthroned as a protest against the whimsical modernity of the late sovereign. He gave too much countenance to things new, likewise think the Sheerefs of the interior. Spain and France may enforce the modern there. Persia's Shah attempted to be reactionary and retire the new constitution. Now he is retired and his twelve-year-old son will be nominal ruler while a safe constitutionalist will be regent and tutor to the future Shah.

Russia is hanging on the flanks of Persia. She has large commercial interests there. Modern conquest advances by acquiring commercial interests and following them up with the protecting arm of the military. England watches Russia and will counter any move she makes while Turkey has pushed up to Urumiah to claim her share of the spoils should there be more than "spheres of influence" marked out. The statesmanship of the Young Turks is little less than remarkable. It must be genuinely patriotic or it could not be so successful. They are steering the ship of state through reefy seas. They have suppressed an uprising in Albania, are dealing with the Armenian atrocities, meeting the Persian exi-

gencies, solving perplexing home problems daily, and, confronted with dangers of a crisis in Crete, which is largely Greek and desires to be wholly so, are maintaining the peace.

The Mohammedan religious authorities have officially given signature to the new regimes in both Turkey and Persia. Thus constitutionalism, with the stamp of ecclesiastical approval fixed, would seem secure among a people where the religious is the deepest motive that moves in the hearts of men. All this means a freer cosmopolitanism, greater religious tolerance, more education, a larger commercial and industrial prosperity, and constantly widening doors for Christian missionary effort.

MILLIONS IN SMOKE.

Senator Beveridge told a story during the tariff debate that, were it deprived of its sordid details, would read like a tale of Aladdin's lamp. And the lamp proves to be a tariff tax, levied for war purposes. Its magic powers brought to a small group of rich men fabulous wealth when it was rubbed with a magic cloth of the trust maker.

The tax was laid to pay for the war with Spain. While it was on Tom Ryan and a company of fellow buccaneers fought their way into the business by forcing sales of large firms. In all they gathered in some 250, large and small, and got control of the output. They paid large prices for some, and forced others to the wall, but whatever they did they got control. They "euchered" the small stockholders by offering them \$200 in 4 per cent bonds for each \$100 of stock. The proposition looked good to the small holders and they bit. Thus the buccaneers secured controlling interests and multiplied the capitalization by ten. By the roll of the printing presses \$25,000,000 capital stock was advanced to \$250,000,000. Then other additions brought it up to \$317,000,000.

Having obtained control, the war tax is now removed but the price of tobacco remains where it was substantially. The war tax becomes profit and pays dividends on all these millions of watered stock. Profits leap from \$7,204,000 in 1899, to \$36,719,000 in 1906.

We receive about \$50,000,000 annually from internal revenue on tobacco. At the rate laid by France and England we would receive \$333,000,000. In those countries the rate of consumption decreased 56 per cent and 24 per cent respectively during the past forty-five years while in this country it increased 240 per cent.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

South Dakota's Anti-Treating Law went into effect July 1st. Every man must pay for his own drink. It hits at a vital evil when it strikes the social treat. But it still leaves the saloon.

In Texas, since July 11, all saloon licenses are issued by the State Comptroller, with headquarters in Austin. It is designed to remove local influences and take the saloon somewhat out of local affairs. The saloon keeper must make affidavit that he has kept the law strictly. If he has not, perjury may be charged. This will scarcely stay the southern prohibition sentiment.

W. J. Bryan says:—"For eighteen years I have been discussing other questions, but I shall do my part to keep our party from being controlled by the liquor interests." It is understood that Mr. Bryan will ask Nebraska democrats to put local option in their next platform.

Milwaukee sold enough less beer last year to reduce internal revenue receipts by \$322,000. The U. S. Internal Revenue Department reports a falling off of receipts for the Springfield, Ill., district. The Illinois Anti-Saloon League likewise reports a "falling off" of 512 saloons.

The Security Life Insurance Company, of Binghamton reports that the first nine years of their trial of total abstinence policies shows that the loss through surrender, lapsing, and death is less than that of general policies by 21 per cent.

New Zealand has set apart a "Drunkards' Island." Habitual drinkers are sentenced to this island and sobered up effectually. But there is no means of keeping them there, nor preventing them beginning all over again as soon as on main-land.

SOLVING THE PROBLEM OF THE NON-CHURCH GOER.

Rochester has tried one means of reaching the non-church goer. Under the leadership of ministers who have a serious and vital interest in the working man a series of twenty Sunday evening services were arranged for a down town theater. An editor, physician, labor leader, and an employer of labor were invited to join the committee. The meetings were frankly religious from the first, but were given a popular turn. The audience was asked to participate in music, responsive readings, the Lord's Prayer, etc. Fully one-half

the themes were on social service of one kind or another. Such things as the fight on tuberculosis, the saloon question, the problem of employment, were considered religious. Nor were more conventional religious themes tabooed. Prayer, the religious nature of man, individual morality, etc., made up one-half the themes.

It was thought at first that the audience would demand much of the entertaining feature. But this was quickly disproven. It was frank and serious discussion of vital themes that they wanted. The large employer on the committee frankly says that he gained a new conception of the labor union folks. The editor says religion has been put in a new light. The labor leader says it has demonstrated that the ministry can be leaders in all walks of life. Raymond Robins says he never saw religion brought into such close touch with the daily walk of men and women.

The attendance was so great that many could not obtain admittance much of the time. It is estimated that 10,000 different people were reached. The churches are reaping benefits in new members and in increased respect from those who were prejudiced against them. The ministerial association, as usual of least faith, now heartily approves.

PENSIONS FOR THE WORKERS.

An investigation made for the American Association for Labor Legislation showed that from 60 to 80 per cent of the men injured in industrial accidents received no remuneration. Of men killed the families of 59 per cent received no compensation. The total compensation for accidents ending in both injury and death for the homogeneous group investigated amounted to less than one-fourth the first year's loss in wages, to say nothing of the after years in the case of the totally incapacitated and the killed. Where suit is brought more than half of what is won is spent, on the average, for the prosecution of the suit.

The courts cling pretty stubbornly to the precedents, and "contributory negligence" and "fellow servant" considerations leave the injured workman to bear the burden. European countries are

more advanced in the matter. They have largely given up the fellow servant idea and act on the theory that a certain number of accidents are inevitable and that they should be assessed up to industry as a whole. The favorite plan is to create an insurance fund to which the employer and employee contribute in varying ratios, usually equally or two to one respectively.

Germany's system is generally considered the best developed. Accident insurance is assessed up to the employers wholly. Sick benefits are cared for by the workingmen themselves. Old age and invalid insurance is assessed up equally to employer and employee and governed by the State. It is compulsory on all persons with salaries or wages of less than \$500 per year. The State adds a subsidy.

In case of the sick the premium paid amounts to about 3 per cent of the weekly wage and the benefit amounts to half pay and free medical attendance. In case of accident not less than 300 times the daily wage must be paid and the scale runs up to two-thirds the wage for complete incapacity. The old age annuity costs from 7 to 18c per week, employer and employee dividing the payment equally, and the benefits, with the governmental addition, run from 50c to \$2 per week. Every tenth person in the empire is today a beneficiary in some form or another of these insurance benefits. Practically every person in the empire needing insurance is provided with it and that with the very minimum of expense for administration. Wisconsin liability companies were found to be expending only 38 per cent of the premiums paid for the benefits, while commissions and dividends consumed within 10 per cent of as much.

We kill a greater number in peaceful industry every year than were killed in like time in either the Civil or the Russian-Japanese war. More than half a million are injured annually and one-tenth of them killed. We little realize the awfulness of this holocaust. We injure twice as large a percentage as does Germany and they find more than half of their accidents avoidable. What then must be the number of ours that might be avoided? We are of all nations the most prodigal of life and the least careful in providing for the helpless left by our carelessness.

Editorial

JOHN R. MOTT, General Secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, is spending some months abroad. He has recently been elected to the responsible position of Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches in America. But advices received from him make it doubtful whether he can accept this important work consistently with the duties already resting upon him. He will be able to give a definite answer some time in August.

THE Federal Council of Churches at its last meeting invited the Religious Education Association and the National Education Association to appoint Commissions to meet jointly with its own Commission to study plans for week-day religious instruction. The first meeting was held at Chautauqua, N. Y., July 16-17, during the week of the Religious Education Association there and an informal organization was effected for further study and conference on this important subject. The committee having the matter in hand consists of the Chairmen of the committees of the three bodies represented.

PROF. ERNEST DE WITT BURTON, Head of the Department of New Testament Literature and Interpretation in the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, who has spent several months in India and China investigating the conditions and needs of education in those countries, is expected to return to Chicago on August 22. His report, which will be of interest to all who are concerned with the spread of education and the needs of the Orient in its present intellectual awakening, will be published as soon after his return as the assembling of the mass of material gathered will permit.

MR. LORADO TAFT, the Chicago sculptor, has recently been appointed Professorial Lecturer on the History of Art at the University of Chicago. Mr. Taft has just concluded a series of six lectures at the university on the general subject: "The Sculptor's Art: Ideals and Technique," and, among other things, is known for his bronze relief of Stephen A. Douglas and portrait busts of Professor Thomas C. Chamberlain and Professor George W. Northrop. He is perhaps best known in connection with architectural and sculptural plans for the beautification of the Midway Plaisance,

the beautiful highway of World's Fair fame and reputation, on which the University of Chicago now in great part faces.

THE Methodists are proposing to establish a church in Zion City, Ill., the former home and headquarters of John Alexander Dowie. No Protestant organization exists within a radius of four miles from the center of the town, and there is a population of at least one thousand souls not attached to any of the numerous sects into which Dowie's wonderfully compact organization has since his death been divided. The occasion of the Methodists' attempt to establish themselves there was the burning of a little country church on the outskirts of the town, compelling the congregation to seek shelter in the dining room of a hotel placed at their disposal in Zion City. The congregation now averages about one hundred, ministered to by a student of Garrett Institute. Money is being raised to build a house to cost about \$10,000.

THE Christian Century has some interest in antiquarian researches, and wishes to share with its readers any discovery of moment that is made in any ancient field. Much water has flowed under the bridges since January, 1907, so the following clipping from the *Octographic Review* of that date, signed by the initials of Daniel Sommers himself, possesses an almost archeological character:

"I wish to warn the readers of this paper against agents for a series of pictures titled 'The Sacred Scroll,' or some such name. The agents may all be innocent of any intention to circulate that which is erroneous, but the fact that 'Dr. Willets' of Chicago is one of the men at the head of this 'Scroll' business casts suspicion over it. He is a prince among those infidels who pose as 'higher critics,' and I strongly suspect that his colleagues are of the same order. Through pictures of sacred scenes they may be endeavoring to prepare victims for false doctrines."

THE uprising of the Spanish people in a number of their cities, particularly Barcelona, against the conscription measures which have been put into operation in furtherance of the war with Morocco, is an interesting and important sign of the times. Probably

the basis of these revolts is the suffering caused by the drafting of men from the poorer classes to go to the front. It is the general impression that the war is a needless expense both in money and life. Men who can afford to buy immunity from service easily escape, but the burden falls very heavily upon the poorer classes whose families are left unprovided for. While the immediate cause of this contention is industrial and social, at the same time there is a deeper spirit of protest against war as obsolete and useless. There is no enthusiasm for war as such. In this regard Spain and all the rest of the nations have changed rapidly during recent generations. The war cry has ever been the means of arousing patriotic enthusiasm, but today there must be a deep and serious purpose to justify any such enterprise. The nations are beginning to realize that if war were eliminated, two-thirds of the expenses of government would be wiped out and the taxes would show a very different face.

MRS. ELLA FLAGG YOUNG'S election as superintendent of Chicago's public schools is no doubt the most important event in this municipality in some time. In the choice of a woman for the grave responsibilities of this office Chicago's school board acted absolutely without precedent. The approving sentiment with which her selection has been received by the press of the city indicates that the innovation is by no means regarded as simply another of those erratic acts for which this city's school board is more or less notorious. More significant than the fact of her sex or the salary of \$10,000 she is to receive, is the type of education of which the new superintendent is a distinguished exponent. Of those whose fundamental criticism of our prevailing school system is its sacrifice of personality to the smooth-running mechanism of the institution, Mrs. Young is in the forefront. What reforms her administration will bring forth she does not say as yet, but her communications through the press indicate that her ideal will be to make the schools more naturally social, breaking down certain of the arbitrary restraints imposed upon pupils in the school room from time immemorial. Manual and industrial training will be fostered under her administration.

"Manual training," she says, "as it is carried on now, is too stiff and cut and dried, to awaken the full interest of the pupils. There is a certain hour and certain set days of the week on which the students march to the manual training rooms and begin to use the equipment. If the equipment were simpler and placed in all of the school rooms so that the children could walk from their seats to a small bench and go to work on some task in which he or she has become interested, the training would be of much greater value.

"I do not believe that children should do everything by rule, with certain tasks for certain hours. It is a mistake that they should never be allowed to speak to one another and, if they wish to discuss the lesson, be compelled to discuss it with only one person in the room—the teacher. It is the nature of children to be active. Their minds are naturally active and inquiring. They can learn one from the other if allowed to talk when school is in session."

The office to which Mrs. Young ascends has been for years an apple of discord in the city. What with the politicians and the Teachers' Federation and the conflict of pedagogical opinion the new leader will have troubles enough, just as her predecessors have had. But it may fall out that these troubles were all the time waiting for a woman's touch to make them disappear.

MORE good sense seems to have precipitated itself in the Northern Baptist Convention, whose session of 1909 was held in Portland, Ore., than in any gathering of a congregationally governed denomination in a long time. The Christian Century has already told the story of the formation of this Convention in Oklahoma City a little more than a year ago. The Portland convention was, therefore, only its second meeting. The purpose of the new organization is to unify the machinery of Baptist Missions and Benevolences and to provide a really representative body which could register Baptist sentiment and mobilize Baptist forces for practical progress in righteousness in the land. As a tentative arrangement of coöperation among the missionary societies a common budget had been submitted to the churches for the past year, resulting in the breaking of all records in raising missionary money. At the Portland Convention it was hoped to bring the three missionary societies—foreign, home and publication—into a legal unity. It was found, however, that legal considerations compelled each society to retain its independent charter. In lieu of this it was recommended that the societies amend their by-laws so as to bind themselves to elect their board of managers—twenty-seven in each case—on the nomination of the Convention. The societies had previously

agreed to this recommendation so that its unanimous adoption by the Convention made it operative. Thus the societies will be effectually coördinated despite the technicality of legal distinctness. It is purposed to continue the last year's plan of combining the schedules of each society's needs into one budget and by apportionment divide it among the states in turn, among the churches. It should be added that the Woman's Missionary Society was admitted as an integral part of the joint plan. The committee on denominational journals made the significant statement that in a constituency of 1,200,000 Baptists the total circulation of Baptist papers does not exceed the pitiful figure of 60,000. It recommended such combination of publishing houses as would leave four in the field—one in New England, one in the Middle States, one in the Mississippi Valley, and one on the Pacific Coast, and that when those consolidations are accomplished the convention should bend its efforts to get subscribers for the different papers according to territory.

Two Methodist Tempers

During our Centennial year we Disciples of Christ are peculiarly sensitive to the comments passed upon us. Two Methodist papers have recently made significant mentions. We quote a clipping from the *Central Christian Advocate* (Kansas City.):

The "Campbellites" and a Creed.

"To the Editor.—I want you to tell me the truth about this: Has the Christian—Campbellite—Church got any disciple?"

"[The letter betrays some agitation on the part of the writer. Peace, brethren. The denomination to which you refer does profess to have no creed and no discipline. But let our brothers try to join this church and yet cling to either his form of baptism, if he was not dipped, or his theology, if he is a Methodist, and see how far he would get. This sect has two wings or factions. In our thinking the Pharisaical sect is about the most hide-bound sect in Christendom, albeit the sect has many of the most liberal and lovable men among its ministers and people we have anywhere met. But it has a plenty of the other sort. And from that other sort nothing is to be expected but snippy, quarrelsome controversy—and what for, pray, if they have no creed and no discipline? Does not a fixed form of baptism imply discipline, and does not a theology imply a creed? We are sorry for our friend at Nation, Ill., if one of this latter kind of creatures with a chip on his shoulder is strutting about in their midst.—Editor.]"

The lapse of editorial good temper and good taste in the above quotation is a surprising and discouraging disclosure. In these days of good fellowship and co-operation among the churches, the editor of the *Central Advocate* has lapsed back a half century. The first principles of plain courtesy, not to mention the spirit of Christ, should have inhibited the use of the name "Campbellite" in the title of the article. The editor knows right well that he wounds the feelings and awakens the resentment of a great body of Christian people in applying this epithet to them.

The completion of this hundredth year of history for the Disciples should, we would say, see the last appearance of this offensive title in any reputable religious paper. The correspondent's query gave the editor a real question to discuss which he might have handled critically, but without casting such aspersions upon his brethren as to call them a "Pharisaical sect," "about the most hide-bound sect in Christendom." Of quite another spirit is the following editorial in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* (Chicago), entitled:

Signs of the New Tolerance.

"We print elsewhere the announcement of the Disciples of Christ who are preparing to celebrate in appropriate fashion the centennial of their organization. No more characteristic or encouraging sign of the times is to be discerned than the temper of this body with reference to interdenominational co-operation and organic union. Since October, 1905, a number of local congregations of Baptists and Disciples have united. In Western Canada their provincial missionary organizations have been combined. In Southern California a college is held jointly with the Congregationalists. In Chicago the Memorial Baptist and First Christian Church have been amalgamated. The high tide of enthusiasm in every convention or congress of the Disciples is reached, we are told, when some representative Baptist or Free Baptist pleads for the reunion of these two bodies as a step toward the answer to the Saviour's intercessory prayer.

"A communication from official headquarters claims that the sincerity of their plea for Christian union is attested by a general readiness to co-operate in evangelism, missions and reform. It is further demonstrated just now by the character of their centennial campaign. 'That they may all be one that the world may believe' is

their chief watchword, and 'where the Scriptures speak, we speak; where the Scriptures are silent, we are silent,' defines the method upon which they will continue to work. No denominational monument is being erected and sectarian feeling is energetically discouraged. The endeavor is not to do something spectacular and extraordinary, but to make a fuller approximation to the Christianity of Christ, in its fruits especially.

"We welcome every evidence of this kind. In such a temper is promise of a reunited Christendom, the assurance of a day when all the forces of the Church of Christ will come together for a common warfare against unrighteousness of every sort and a common campaign for the coming of the kingdom."

Yet it piques us just a bit to be patted on the back for showing certain specific signs of tolerance and union. As we conceive ourselves we are one big sign of the union which Christ's people are approaching. Our hope in this centennial year is to so exhibit our inner purpose and temper as that our brethren of the denominations may see that, despite our many failures to effectuate it even among ourselves, this union goal is the one thing we have consciously striven to attain during our hundred years of history.

The Visitor

The summer season brings to some of us the opportunity of a somewhat wider wandering than other seasons of the year. It is the period of conventions and assemblies of different sorts to which the faithful go from the ends of the land. I have had some duties in connection with such events which have taken me to two or three important gatherings of late.

One of these was the International Convention of Christian Endeavor at St. Paul, Minnesota. Perhaps enough has been said in other columns of the Christian Century, regarding this great gathering, indicating something of its significance. But there were two or three experiences which I am inclined to set down. The Sunday at St. Paul was one of drenching wetness following almost perfect weather during the earlier days of the Convention. Early on Sunday morning it began to rain and the downpour was so copious that, as the little group of Disciples gathered at the breakfast table of the hotel, we all fell back with assurance upon the proverb, "If it rains before seven, it stops before eleven," and we thought we should all be able to attend the morning services without inconvenience. But, as time went on, the rain increased. Dr. Power was slated to preach at the Portland Avenue Church in Minneapolis, and it was the Visitor's intention to go with him and enjoy a good sermon for once in a long series of busy Sundays. But as the hour came on, the downpour was so unabated that discretion or inertia prevailed and I remained in my room at the hotel, hoping momentarily that there might be sufficient slackening of the rain to permit journeying to some nearer place of worship.

While these thoughts were balancing themselves, fate came in the form of a committee. Some of the Christian Endeavorers in the hotel had decided that the one hundred or more shut-ins, who were unable to venture out in such weather, might have a service in the hotel parlors; and the Visitor was the victim chosen to conduct it. It was the penalty of indecision. Far easier it would have been to brave the storm and enjoy Dr. Power's sermon than remain for the fate that ensued. But the parlor service was at least an inspiring one. The little company that first gathered in the double rooms was augmented soon by people from all parts of the hotel, and the parlors and the hall were filled. It was a proof of the fact that nothing can stop a Christian Endeavor crowd from enjoying the ministries of the Lord's day, no matter what weather conditions may be.

From St. Paul to Chautauqua, New York, is a "long jump," as the lecture bureau people say. But Chautauqua was made interesting last week by a series of important conferences on religious education held under the direction of the R. E. A. The program of these meetings has been published in the Christian Century and need not be repeated here. But the morning conferences, the afternoon lectures, and the executive sessions of the Council of Religious Education were all deeply interesting. One of the most important features of the week was the meeting of the joint committee representing the National Education Association, the Religious Education Association, and the Federal Council of the Churches. The purpose of this committee is to formulate the principles in accordance with which a satisfactory Sunday-school curriculum may be outlined.

It is definitely understood that no existing plan of study is to be interfered with nor is any publication interest to be favored in the new scheme. It is simply to provide a series of suggestions and ideals which shall issue in a Sunday-school curriculum, adjusted to the needs of children and young people who are already familiar with the splendid results of pedagogical work in the public schools and colleges. It is significant that three great organizations, devoted to religion and education, can unite in this plan. The progress that is being made in Sunday-school pedagogy is encouraging to a high degree.

From Chautauqua the Visitor went directly to Pentwater, Michigan, which is gradually becoming a rendezvous for the Disciples. Beautifully situated on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, it has all the natural features which have made a number of places along that shore the resort of seekers after summer rest and recreation. As yet, Pentwater has the charm of an unspoiled paradise. The resorters have not found it in such numbers as to make it a fashionable place. Simplicity is the note of its life. In front of it, to the west, lies Lake Michigan, stretching out in fascinating perspective to the sky line. Connected with this by a narrow channel is the inner Pentwater Lake, some two miles in length, on whose margin the town of Pentwater is situated. All along the main shore of Lake Michigan to the north and south of the channel the sand hills rise to varying heights, covered with thick growth of oak and cedar. On these sand hills, which command magnificent views both east and west, the summer cottages of an increasing company of people rise.

The Disciples have two parks or tracts of land on the lake front. Garrison Park, some distance south of the channel, is developing



Professor Willett's Cottage at Campbell Park.

admirably. Several Disciples have followed Dr. Garrison to this excellent location, and it is destined to be a beautiful summer colony within a few years. To the north of the channel lies Campbell Park, owned by a company of Chicago Disciples. Here several cottages have been erected or are in process of building. Along this shore all the fascinations of forest, hill, and lake are combined. There is the perfect freedom of unconventionalized life. Children, emancipated from the formalities of city existence, return to nature with an abandon and zest that give them the joy and advantage of an uninterrupted out-of-door life for the long vacation months. Fishing, boating, hunting, swimming, nature study, building and reading are the arts and crafts of the place and the time. The days are always cool and in the evenings beach fires or the blazing comfort of cottage fire-places add fascination to the place. Pentwater is easily reached by both steamer and railroad, and its attractiveness for Disciples, already great, is certainly increasing from year to year as the two groups, located now, increase in numbers. The Visitor came back to the activities of the summer quarter at the University with a longing that he might escape for a much longer period to the delights and rest of that mecca of the weary on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan.

The Preacher and the People

An Intimate Talk About the Preacher's Practical Problems

By Edward B. Bagby

Personality is God's chosen medium for the communication of truth. God might have spelled His love in the stars, or disclosed it in visions and dreams, or announced it to the wondering multitudes by herald angels. "But God sent forth His Son, born of a woman." "In him was life and the life was the light of men." "Of his fulness have we all received and grace for grace." As Jesus commits to his disciples the task of the establishment of his Kingdom upon the earth, he follows his Father's method. "As my Father hath sent me into the world, even so have I sent you into the world." In effecting a moral transformation of humanity God relies not upon a compendium of formulated truth, nor upon a body of organized forces, nor even upon the inspired pages of Holy Writ; but upon people made in His image and regenerated by His Spirit. "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord" "And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest, as streams of water in a dry place, as the shade of a great rock in a weary land." Not by truth formulated and fossilized, but by truth incarnated and personally communicated; not by dead ecclesiasticism, but by a living body whose members are Christians and whose head is Christ; not by the cold type of the printed page, but by living epistles known and read of all men. The Master finds the earth in darkness and says to his disciples, "Ye are its light," he finds society corrupt and deteriorating and to his people he says, "Ye are its leaven to transform; ye are its salt to preserve." Is it not true that personality has been the great illuminating, purifying and regenerating force in the world? What are Heaven's best gifts? Love that beareth all things, faith that does not falter, hope that sings in the darkness. Have not these and virtues of every lovely hue been borne to us through a mother's love, father's authority and teacher's influence.

Life Begets Life.

Only life begets life. Nothing but fire will kindle fire. A manufactured seed will not sprout, a dead branch will bear no fruit, salt that has lost its savor is good for nothing. We cannot proffer what we do not possess. No man can give what he has not. Being filled with the fulness of God we must seek outlets. There must be personal contact between giver and receiver. The light is not to be hid under the bushel, but its place is on the stand; the salt must mingle with the mass, the leaven permeate the meal. "I pray not," said the Master, "that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the Evil One." Insulated from evil and energized for good. "Freely ye have received, freely give." "Being partakers of the promise in Christ Jesus through the gospel, we must be ministers thereof according to the working of His power." "He is not to be conformed to the world, but being transformed by the renewing of his mind" he is to be a transforming power in the world.

"O, fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflows,
In kindling thought and glowing word
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show."

Paul says that the minister should take heed not only to himself and to his doctrine, but also to them that hear him. This implies an acquaintance with the people. How shall he show himself approved unto God,

a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, if he does not study the material upon which he works. How shall he give answer to the chief Shepherd if he does not know his sheep?

Must Know His People.

He must know his people—know their names, street numbers and occupations—and know, too, their dispositions, their temptations, their struggles, rejoicing with them in their joys and weeping with them in their sorrows. As one has said, "The preacher cannot carry people over the route of his ministry as a terryman carries passengers across the river, always running his boat in the same line and never asking the names of the people he carries. He must count himself rather like the tutor of a family of princes, who with careful study of their several dispositions, trains the royal nature of each for their special Kingdom over which he is to rule.

With those outside his own fold, as well, he should seek to cultivate a close acquaintance, manifesting for them a sympathetic interest and going out of his way to extend to them practical help. Like his Master he will welcome opportunities for ministering to the lowly. He will care for those for whom no one else cares.

When a great evangelist whose name is known over two continents and who is an eloquent advocate of the higher life, was holding a revival in Washington, I said to him one day, "There is a servant girl in the hotel in which you are stopping who is in great distress. Would you seek an opportunity of speaking to her? It might be the means of her salvation." "No," he said, "I find that I cannot do this work. I must save myself for my public ministrations."

Jesus' Way.

"And Jesus, being wearied with his journey, sat thus by the well. There cometh a woman of Samaria, etc." You know the story, and can make the contrast. Made after the perfect model was Phillips Brooks, who, in the last decade of his ministry, with health impaired, gave himself with abandon to work among the lowly, though his particular field was among the rich and noble. Expected at a fashionable reception, he did not appear until nearly 11 o'clock. He had been detained at a hospital by a colored man who had been injured and had sent for him. A physician expressed surprise that he had not sent an assistant, as any physician would have done. Mr. Brooks' reply was, "But he sent for me." I would not undervalue the minister's official duties; his public proclamation of the Word, his pastoral visitation, his conduct of weddings and funerals; but I would emphasize a phase of his ministry which is too often slighted, viz., the transforming influence of his personality as he lives among the people; touching them in the market place, hailing them upon the streets, dealing with them over the counters, sharing their common life.

Many will thus meet him who may never come to his church, or call upon him for any ministerial function; but if for his presence the sky is bluer, the sun brighter and life nobler and purer, his labor is not in vain in the Lord.

The Preacher for the People.

The preacher for the people should be able to look at life from the people's viewpoint; he should seek to understand their bodily needs, their intellectual difficulties, the trend of their religious life. He should study profoundly the problems of his times. He must

take people as he finds them and summon them to the best of which they are capable.

While one with the people, yet, in a sense the true minister must be apart. There need not be a difference in the cut of his clothes or in the tones of his voice or in any of the outward details of his life; but he should always be to the people God's man. His presence should be a call to prayer; his smile a benediction, his handgrasp an uplift and inspiration. He must lead in the procession. He should be able to say, "Be ye imitators of me."

Living among his people but manifestly constrained by a diviner motive; his daily life a protest against materialism; he brings a gift and is not for graft. His anxiety is for the flock and not the fleece. "I seek not yours, but you." He does not ask, "How many will serve me?" but rather, how many can I serve? and with what completeness of service?

An Example.

Secretary Thompson of the Presbyterian Home Board tells of such a minister. With his family he lived in a contracted and difficult field on the frontier. He was offered a pastorate of comfort and special educational advantages for his family, and was repeatedly solicited to accept. It was a hard pull. Every worldly consideration and family pride urged him to go, but at last he wired, "I cannot leave my cowboys." What is our greatest problem? Is it not this? How may our homes and business and politics and statesmanship, and literature and amusements be leavened through and through with the spirit of the gospel of Christ? Is not the measure in which we aid in the solution of this problem the true measure of our success as ministers? Not the number of names added to the church roll, nor the amount of money raised, nor the length of the pastorate, but the spiritual impress upon the community. Is the merchant more honest? the servant tidier? the home life sweeter? the thoughts of youth purer? Is there more of heaven on earth?

This message is from one who is painfully conscious of the disparity between his own ministry and that of the standards presented. Suffer then in closing the word of one who embodied what he preached; "Take heed unto yourselves, and to all the flock, in which the Holy Spirit hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God which he purchased with his own blood. . . Watch ye, remembering that by the space of three years I ceased not to admonish everyone night and day with tears. And now, I commend you to God and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified. I coveted no man's silver or gold or apparel. Ye yourselves know that these hands ministered unto my necessities and to them that were with me. In all things I gave you an example, that so laboring ye ought to help the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, that he himself said, 'It is more blessed to give than receive.'" Fort Smith, Ark.

THE LOST TOP.

I lost my top—O, what a pity!

But now its fate I know,
I'm sure 'twas swallowed by my kitty,
'Cause when I listen so,
And put my ear down close to her,
I hear it humming—
"Whir—achir—achir—r!"

—St. Nicholas.

Mr. Wakefield's Extra Inducements

By Hilda Richmond

"Tidy gone?" said Mr. Wakefield, peering into the thick cloud of smoke in the kitchen where his wife was broiling a steak. "Gone for good?"

"I hope so," said his wife between her set teeth. "Tidy really was the most worthless, incompetent girl I ever saw, but I felt forced to keep her as long as she would stay because help is so scarce. Arthur, I wish you would take Violet and the baby out of this room at once. They are in my way all the time."

It was a sizzling hot place for the day was warm and depressing, and his wife's face bore the look of a martyr, or perhaps Mr. Wakefield would have given his views on the subject of domestics just then. As it was he rescued the infants, and made his escape, reserving what he had to say until the disturbers of the peace were safe in bed and he was seated with his wife on the front porch. Not that the two children were incorrigible, but the sultry weather and the fact that their mother had had little time for them since early in the morning when her incompetent hand maiden departed, made them whine and fret and add to the general discomfort.

"Where are you going to get another maid?" he asked by way of introduction.

"Advertise, I suppose," said Mrs. Wakefield wearily. "That's the only way I know."

"Well, my dear, you know what I have always said. I am sorry for you, but you seem to prefer your old ways. Now I never have any trouble getting good workers, for I always offer just a little bit more in the way of inducements, and I get the cream of the bunch. If you would adopt that plan your troubles would all be over."

"I pay as much as any other woman in the neighborhood, and in many cases more," said Mrs. Wakefield. "I think, Arthur, if you had to wrestle with the servant girl problem, you would lose a lot of your beautiful theories. Women are not like men, anyway. A girl works a little while until she gets some new clothes, and then she goes home to wear them out, or she gets married or else she knows there are so many places waiting to receive her with open arms that she tries variety. You never had any experience along that line so—"

"But I'm going to have," interrupted Mr. Wakefield. "Next week I have my vacation, and I'll examine the prospective candidates for the situation of maid-of-all work in this establishment. You'll see that by offering a few extra inducements I'll get just the right person. It is easy to pay out a little more for a good article, than to save money by taking a cheap one. We'll try to scrape along somehow until I get home, and then you'll see what will happen."

So the advertisement carefully worded was placed in the paper, and applicants notified when to call. Mrs. Wakefield was just doing the morning dishes when the first candidate appeared on Monday morning. She was a tall, stylishly dressed person, and she gave the man of the house a thorough survey as she explained her errand.

"What wages?" was her brief question as soon as she entered.

"What wages have you been accustomed to?" hedged the man of the house, thinking this was not his ideal maid servant.

"Five dollars a week, and no washing and ironing!"

"I am willing to pay more than that for a competent maid," said the man of the house.

"How much more?"

"Well, to the right person six dollars. I mean to one who gives entire satisfaction."

"How much of a family?"

"My wife, myself and two children."

"How old are the children?"

"Look here," said Mr. Wakefield, his wrath rising, "I am not going to be put through a regular catechism. I am sure you are not the right person."

But when he thought it over the rest of that day and no other person came, he concluded he had been too rash. Mrs. Wakefield said nothing, but he felt that she was enjoying his nervousness and the haste with which he answered the door bell all day.

"Where is the lady of the house?" said a rather good looking young woman, trim and tidy, when he opened the front door at nine the next morning.

"Mrs. Wakefield is busy just now," he said politely. "What is it you want to see her about?"

"I saw your ad in the—"

"Come in!" said the master of the house, flinging open the door. "I can explain about the place."

"Well, what about it?" said the girl encouragingly.

"We want a competent maid-of-all-work," began Mr. Wakefield easily. "Our family is small and the house convenient. There are two children, one five and the other three, and these with my wife and myself complete the family. We send out the washing and buy our bread in summer. The house is not large and the work not burdensome." He paused, but the girl said nothing so he felt forced to keep on. "What experience have you had?" he asked as a thought struck him.

"Here are my references," she said producing some letters from her hand bag. "I am a stranger in this town though."

Of course the references meant nothing, so he tried a new tack. "We are willing to pay very good wages to the right person," he said. "Perhaps you would like to come on trial, and—"

"Indeed, I've never had to go on trial anywhere, and I'll not begin now. How many evenings out does the girl get, and what sort of a room has she, and do you object to followers? I'd have to see the kitchen and everything before I made up my mind."

"The right girl will get six dollars per week and extra inducements in the way of time off," said Mr. Wakefield. "We want a maid who will give satisfaction and are willing to pay more than she can get elsewhere, if she is competent."

"Let me see your kitchen," said the young woman. "I can tell better then."

Mr. Wakefield meekly conducted her to the kitchen where his wife in a big gingham apron was preparing a salad. "How does it happen that you're leaving?" said the girl abruptly, turning to the mistress of the house, while Mr. Wakefield was calling attention to the convenient cupboard. "Is anything wrong with the place?"

"That is my wife!" said Mr. Wakefield haughtily. "I don't think it is necessary to show you anything more in the kitchen."

"No, I think not," said the girl calmly. "I don't think the place would suit me. I prefer work where there are no children."

For a week Mr. Wakefield labored and offered extra inducements, every day recklessly promising more privileges, and every day raising the price per week. He had a number of applicants, but could induce none of them to stay. At last he gave up in despair and turned over the task to his wife

with the meek confession that the problem was beyond him. She almost immediately selected a girl at four dollars per week, the price paid in the neighborhood, and made no calculations as to how long she could keep her.

"Why, that's the very girl I offered six dollars a week to, and three evenings to entertain her best beau, and one afternoon off and every other Sunday free," whispered Mr. Wakefield to his hostess some weeks later, as he and his wife were spending the evening with friends, and the maid brought in cake and ice cream. "What on earth did you have to promise her to get her?"

"Four dollars a week and the usual time off," said the hostess struggling to keep back a smile.

"You don't mean it! What did she say about me? I see she told you something I'll give a dollar to your favorite charity, Mrs. Gregg, if you'll tell."

"That is too good an offer to lose," said the hostess. "She told me that all the girls you tried to get felt sure there must be something wrong with the place when you offered such good wages. Hester, that is our girl's name, said she felt sure you must be a tyrant, or you'd let your wife manage, and she just couldn't bear to live in a house where the man tried to run everything."

"Tell him the rest," said Mrs. Wakefield. "I don't mind."

"Hester says some of the applicants thought Mrs. Wakefield must be rather feeble minded, and you wanted a guardian for her, and one thought the house was haunted. It excited their suspicions to find some one who was so anxious to get a maid, and they wouldn't try it."

"Laugh if you want to," said Mr. Wakefield. "I'm done offering extra inducements, and I fully sympathize with you ladies. If I had as much trouble hiring men as you have with one girl apiece I'd flee to a desert island. Never again will I offer my advice in household matters!"

The Blind Spot

In all vision there is a blind spot; every savant is a fool upon some topic. This is exemplified by the readiness with which the most astute business and professional man will dabble in speculation—such as mining and allurements similar.

What man of ordinary common-sense would think of buying a house which he had never seen and his agent had never seen; or a horse, or a gun, or almost anything into which he is putting money, without privilege of examination and expectation of using that privilege? And yet the majority of men will invest, "sight unseen," as the boys say, in a mine, in an oil well, in a rubber plantation,

Somehow, ninety-nine out of a hundred men who thus invest, as a side issue, seem to anticipate that chance will overlook their utter disregard of business principles, and will work a miracle in their favor. They go upon the theory "A fool for luck." This is why speculation of this nature is fallen into evil ways, and why a gold mine so often proves a gold brick.

The public has itself to blame. Mines, oil-wells, rubber plantations, can be made sources of profit, and are made sources of profit; but they should not be played as one plays a slot-machine.—Edwin L. Sabin in Lippincott's Magazine.



Gran'daddy's Birthday

To My Grandfather, by F. Dana Burnet.

Gran'daddy, Gran'daddy,
Ha' ye put a chair,
Before the place wha' wad be mine,
An I were ainly there?
Gran'daddy, Gran'daddy,
I ha' kept a spot,
Open i' my heart for you
Whether I'm there or not!

Gran'daddy, Gran'daddy,
I ha' made a prayer,
To fill the place wha' wad be mine
An I were ainly there!
Gran'daddy, Gran'daddy,
Here's wha' I wad say,
That a' my heart's gang hame wi' you,
Whether I'm there or nae!

Gran'daddy, Gran'daddy,
May nae cauld blast blaw
Upon your ingle, burnin' blithe,
And waft its warmth awa'.
Gran'daddy, Gran'daddy,
May God's blessing fa'
Upon your house and keep it safe,
From sorrow, grief and a'.

Gran'daddy, Gran'daddy,
Seventy years and three,
You've walked, a mon amidst a' men,
Sae brae and fearlessly!
Gran'daddy, Gran'daddy,
'Tis like you I wad be,
Sae honored o' men, sae blest we love
O' the childer' at your knee.

Gran'daddy, Gran'daddy,
When you're breakin' bread,
Together wi' a' those ye love,
And after Grace is said,
Gran'daddy, Gran'daddy
Say a wee bit prayer,
Beneath your breath for me, and I
Will be as guid as there!
Cincinnati.

Charley Rand's Cherries

BY SARAH N. MCCREERY. . .

"Mrs. Evans! Mrs. Evans!" Ned Tillman's shrill, childish voice caused Mrs. Evans to open her eyes with a start.

She sighed as she went to the window. It was just half an hour before, that she had come up to the pretty blue and white room for a rest. "I shall have two good, long hours before I must dress," she had told herself. That was the reason she asked rather impatiently, "What do you want, Ned?"

"Mother sent me to tell you that some boys are stealing your cherries. Three boys are in the trees, and they are throwing the cherries down to the rest. I peeked in at the front door, and I thought you were upstairs, so I just called," Ned explained.

"Well, wait for me, I'll go back with you," she returned. Ned sat down on the porch and fanned himself with his hat while he waited. "That's just the way I thought it would be," grumbled Mrs. Evans, as she turned from the window. "I knew, when mother went to California and left us to look after the fruit, that we would get precious little of it. 'I

wish Jerrol was home," but there was no use wishing that, for Mr. Evans had taken the "Express" to Greenfield that morning, and would not be home until the last of the week. "If I had those boys—" but she had reached the porch and the thought was not finished.

"Mother tried to make the boys get out," Ned remarked, "but they said the cherries did not belong to her."

"They are bad boys to cause so much trouble. You wouldn't steal anybody's cherries, would you, Ned?" Mrs. Evans asked, smiling down at the boy.

"I might," he admitted honestly, "if I thought father wouldn't find it out, but he would be sure to, and then I would get a thrashing. Some folks don't care if their boys do steal," he added.

Mrs. Evans laughed at his frankness. "Thank you, Ned, for telling me about the boys. I am going down the alley, perhaps I can catch them, and it is nearer, anyway." She had gone a short distance when she saw Charlie Rand coming toward her with something in his hat. "Cherries," she said, under her breath, aloud she remarked, "Good afternoon, Charlie."

"Good afternoon," returned Charlie, as he whisked the hat behind him, and started to hurry on.

Mrs. Evans stopped him. "Mrs. Tillman sent me word that some boys are stealing my mother's cherries," and she tried not to notice the tell-tale flush that spread over the boy's face. "I want those cherries to can," she continued, "I am so fond of them. I can't watch them, they are too far from my home, and I thought perhaps you would do it for me. I would make you a 'cherry policeman.' Would you be willing to do this for me?"

"Yes'm, if you wanted me to," the tone was low, and Charlie looked crestfallen.

"All right, I shall not worry another bit about them, and I'll pay you for your work." She smiled as she went in at the back gate.

When Charlie left Mrs. Evans, he went to a little park opposite his home, where he was soon joined by the other boys.

"We got out just in time," giggled Guy Thurston. "I'll bet you got a good lecture."

"I didn't either. She just asked me to look after her cherries, and—and—I promised to do it. I guess she didn't see the hatful I had," Charlie ended sheepishly.

"No, I guess not," Joe Knowles responded, "she would never have asked you, if she had. You're easy, if you really said you would do it."

"I did promise, and I mean to keep it. You boys won't steal any more cherries, will you?"

"Getting awful good, aren't you? Well, I think, before you watch any cherries, you had better tell Mrs. Evans about the ones you stole. You were too big a coward to do that," taunted Fred Burrus.

Charlie's face grew sober. "Perhaps I ought to, I never thought of it." The boys returned winks, then they had more to say. Charlie sat deep in thought and did not heed them. "You're right, boys," he said, finally, "I ought to tell Mrs. Evans, and I will."

He started down the street, and as he turned in at the Evans' gate, he heard the jeers of the boys in the distance. His hand

trembled as he rang the bell. He secretly hoped Mrs. Evans would not be at home, but in a moment she opened the door. "I came to tell you that—that—" he faltered, "that I stole cherries, too. I don't think you will want to trust me to watch the rest."

"I knew you did," and Mrs. Evans smiled into the troubled face, "but I knew, too, that you would not take any more when you had promised to watch them."

"Oh," and Charlie was puzzled. He couldn't understand why he should be trusted, when his fault was known. That was not the way folks usually did with boys.

"I want you to pick my cherries, if you will," Mrs. Evans continued. "I will pay you what other pickers get."

"I will do it, but I ought to do it cheaper because—well, you didn't scold or anything."

"And I should pay you more, because you were brave enough to confess that you took some," she returned. "I will let you know what day I want them picked."

The next few days were trying ones for Charlie. His boy friends teased, taunted, and threatened to "clean up every tree," but he prevented it. One night he had to watch until midnight, but the trees were safe. On Monday the picking was begun, and it was Friday night before it was finished. Charlie thought he never saw four trees have so much fruit. "I'm through," he announced to Mrs. Evans, as he brought over the last bucketful at dark. "I was just bound to finish today."

"You have picked a hundred quarts," Mrs. Evans said, as she emptied the bucket, and she handed him two dollars. "I hope you can help me when the peaches are ripe."

Mr. Evans had come to the porch and he watched Charlie with interest. "My office boy left this morning," he said suddenly, "do you happen to know where I could find another?"

"I would like the place," said Charlie eagerly, then his face fell. "You might think I would take things because I took some cherries."

"I would be glad to give you the place," was the hearty answer. "You proved true to your trust in case of the cherries, and that is a good enough recommendation for me. I don't think you will disappoint me, when you know I am trusting you. You may come in the morning," and Mr. Evans went indoors.

"Oh, thank you!" Charlie called after him, then he ran home to tell his big brother the news. He couldn't tell his chum, for there had been a coldness between them since he refused to take any more cherries. "I think it is better to be kind to a boy when he has done wrong," he finished, thoughtfully, when he had told Don about his good fortune. "If Mrs. Evans had scolded me, I believe I would have taken some more cherries. When I found out she trusted me, anyway, it gave me—" he hesitated.

"Respect for yourself?" suggested Don. "Yes, I couldn't think of that word. It made me respect myself too much to do a mean thing. And I think I got this place because I had the grit to tell what I had done," ended Charlie.

"I know you did," was Don's answer.

Cheerful givers are not always hasty givers. The best givers take time to think.

The Vacation-less Summer.

By GRACE DICKERSON.

It is high time a good word was said for the vacation-less summer. A great deal has been written and spoken about the value of vacations, their joys, their re-creative power, in fact, their absolute indispensableness for young and old, rich and poor, men, women and children. Now, we subscribe to all this; we have nothing against vacations either in theory or practice: indeed we have practiced them faithfully for many years. All we say is that it's time somebody said a good word for the summer without a vacation. There come such summers to most individuals and families—and they are not nearly so black as they are painted. They are full of pleasant possibilities; possibilities which we have quite ignored while we were basking on ocean beaches, or climbing mountains, or skimming over blue waters, or lighting camp fires. Of course, the pleasures of a summer at home are different from those, very different; but they are none the less real. In the first place there is the pleasure and freedom of being at home—the joy of sitting on your own front porch quiet and unmolested, instead of watching a dizzying procession of hotel "guests" tramp back and forth before you; there is the pleasure of just doing nothing when you want to, instead of taking a hand at some game in a stuffy parlor "to oblige Mrs. Shetland" because "the gentlemen are so scarce, you know"; and if you are a woman there is the comfort of slipping on your old, thinnest muslin for dinner, instead of your best one, and not having to persecute the children into the starchy respectability of clean dresses three times a day. When it's hot there is the pleasure of the porcelain tub and of roaming through a whole house hunting the breeze; and perhaps the luxury of choosing one's bedroom at night. If it's cold and it rains for three days, there is the wood fire and quiet therewith. Yes, my vacationer, you who are dripping in camp, or shut up in a boarding house parlor or a mountain hotel, reduced to worsted work or bowling, while the children romp and quarrel, think of the joy of a wood fire in the living-room at home, of the peaceful luncheon, of the contented children off in the nursery and the chance to read or snooze in a room where all the shoes are not moulding and sheets are not clammy with dampness! There's the pleasure of sleeping at night, too, when you want to; without listening to the piano and the dancing below, or to the fussy lady packing her trunks above your head, or to the other fellow's baby crying next door; without the arousing presence in the heart of nature, of the black fly and wood-ticks, or the still, small, unanswering voice of the blood-thirsty mosquito. Ah, yes, there are compensations in the summer at home.

Not to be passed over is the luxury of clean clothes; think of it! you poor creature whose "washing" is gone for a three weeks' stay. Think of the joy of putting on clean duck trousers or a fresh shirt waist when you need them! Oh, we all remember what we have suffered from the hotel laundry that empties the pocket-book and makes the clothes as blue as their owner, and from the country "washer-woman" who "cal'lates to wash 'em clean," even if she washes away all the buttons and large sections of the garments as well; or from the "agent," in more remote regions, into whose railway basket we reluctantly cast our collars and shirts, knowing that like bread upon the waters they will return to us only after many days, or perhaps not at all. At home we do not need to "do up" all the handkerchiefs and "iron" them on the window panes and mirrors.

Among all the pleasures of the home summer, however, the greatest perhaps is the pleasure of eating. Might 's well say it right out—the pleasure of eating a square dinner every night in the week. We agree perfectly with President Elliot when he includes among the pleasures of a happy life that of eating. He frankly admits that he is partly animal and says that while he remains so he expects to enjoy good food. He seems to think it has a beneficial effect upon mankind in general and himself in particular. With ill-concealed glee he tells the story of the pious old lady who was visited on her death-bed by her minister. "My good woman," asked the clergyman solemnly, "as you look back over your long life, in what have you found your greatest pleasure?" and without a moment's hesitation she replied: "My victuals." Honest old soul! She was never deluded into spending many summer vacations away from home! We all remember the resorts where the fresh eggs and garden "sass" are sent to the city, where the cream is saved for cheeses, and where we strive in vain to make the huge doughnuts take the place of chicken and roast beef.

Poor wretch, looking hungrily for a raspberry or a juicy peach, and trying to get fat on the "view," what wouldn't you give for a chance to sit down at the home breakfast table with the well-iced melons and the fragrant coffee? And how about the roast chickens

for dinner and the peaches and cream—real cream? Mr. Dooley knew what he was talking about when he said: "the place to be ain't where all the good things comes from, but where all the good things goes to." Not that we have anything to say against summer vacations, remember. We have all taken them, and we'll take them again—whenever we get a chance, of course. That's all right. But there's a thing or two in favor of the summer at home. If you can't go away, don't think you're suffering awful privations. Remember how we've dragged out a weary existence during a week's rain in camp, how we've gasped on the humid shores of inland lakes, fought all manner of "critturs" in mountain forests, and starved in well-advertised resorts on the coast. Reflect upon these things and admit that staying at home has its compensations, and that, after all, there are worse things in life than the vacation-less summer.

Newton Center, Mass.

The Story of a Mountain Bluejay.

For many years Cedar Canon had been the home of woodpeckers, bluejays and gray squirrels. The tall pines were theirs and the sloping hillsides. Through long, bright summers and snowy winters they lived undisturbed in their far-away corner of the Sierra mountains. At last men came to cut down the giant trees. Straight through the lovely canon they built a railroad to carry logs to the sawmill below. Soon, instead of gray squirrels, woodpeckers and bluejays, sixty men were living in the canon, sixty men and a few families. They put up tents and built shacks in the midst of squirrel homes, laughing the while at scolding bluejays and indignant woodpeckers.

At last the gray squirrels, the woodpeckers and bluejays moved away from Cedar Canon. But they loved their old home and the bravest often went back visiting. One bird, a beautiful bluejay, with a tuft of perfect feathers on his dainty head, used to go every day to the canon. His own folks warned him of danger. The gray squirrels said he would be shot, and the woodpeckers told him that men were always trying to shoot their red caps. Truth to tell, the venturesome bluejay knew that two little children lived in the canon. Their names were Jennie and Robbie. He wasn't a bit afraid to go near them, and one day, when the children were eating dinner in their outdoor dining room the bluejay perched on a tree close by and talked to them with his head on one side. After that he flew down to the railing beside the table. Next thing the bluejay knew he was eating dinner with the family.

A few days later the children named their pet; called him Dick. In time Dick lost all fear of strangers. No one harmed him, and he supposed every man in camp was his friend. Robbie and Jennie loved the bird. They fed him choicest dainties and watched for his coming whenever they sat down to the table. Always the bluejays in the forest warned Dick to be careful. The men in camp had guns, and just for the fun of seeing how straight they could shoot they aimed at birds. It wasn't safe to fly through Cedar Canon tree tops dressed in blue and brown.

Sometimes when Robbie, Jennie and their mother climbed the hills they found on the ground birds that would never fly again. Jennie did wish men wouldn't shoot birds; but what could one little girl do to save their precious lives? She didn't know. One evening when the canon was lighted with the wondrous glow of sunset above surrounding hills Jennie offered Dick a bit of cheese. The bird fluttered down to the table and fell in a pitiful bunch by Robbie's plate. He had been shot.

"But some one may shoot him again," sobbed Jennie. Suddenly the child wiped her eyes and wrote a notice, which the man in charge of the commissary allowed her to tack upon the door.

This is what every man in camp read the following day:

"I have a little pet bluejay. Somebody shot at him yesterday and broke his leg. Please don't do it again. Jennie MacColl."

Some of the men whistled, many of them laughed; but every one of the sixty had a kind heart, and from that day it has been perfectly safe to fly through the tree tops of Cedar Canon dressed in blue and brown.—The Churchman.

The delight in nature is the purest, sweetest, freshest of our pleasures. It has no after-taste of pain. And this God's infinite bounty has brought within the touch of every hand.—James Baldwin Brown.

THE FINDING OF CAMILLA

By Lucie E. Jackson, author of "Feodora's Failure," "For Muriel's Sake."

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CHAPTER IV (Continued).

"Please do," returned the old lady, wiping away a tear that was trickling slowly down her cheek.

The letter was not a long one, but it contained much. It filled one whole sheet of foreign paper, and was written in a shaky hand.

No waste of words, no extravagant expressions of affection, had been used by the writer. He merely stated that he had not behaved as he should have done in keeping out of touch with his relations, and that he hoped they had not given him up for dead.

"The bad and the useless always turn up," read aloud Brian Falconer slowly and deliberately. "And in this case I fear the latter adjective must be applied to me. But, bad or useless, I crave to see the old homestead once more, and to look into the faces of those I left sixteen years ago. For this purpose, and for one other, I am coming home, if my health, which is in a very precarious state, will permit me to travel in this bitter weather. I wish also to present to you my little daughter Camilla, whom I know you will love for her own sake if not for your wandering son's. Her mother Madeline died two years ago, and since then the child has been my sole companion. Camilla is eight years old. In your hands I wish to place her, for in what others could she be as safe—my one ewe lamb for whose safety I tremble when I think of him who led me, weak fool that I was, into more wickedness than I thought it possible. You know whom I refer to—the fellow you always guarded me against when I was but a scatter-brained youth. I can hardly bring myself to write his name, but that merely shows my weakness. To conquer it I must write the name in full, if only to cast shame on my folly of olden days. I write of Roger Densham. You will shrink from the name as you read it; I know you will. And so do I, but for reasons apart from yours. I tell you I fear Roger Densham for my child's sake. I have made him my enemy since, nine years ago, I married the girl he had intended for himself, and when I married her I flung off his influence with a desperate hand, all the more desperate for realizing the evil courses he had gradually drawn me into at the gaming tables. My marriage was my salvation: it was Madeleine's influence that kept me away from my so-called friend. I cut myself adrift from him on the very eve of my marriage, and have had no intercourse with him from that day to this. But, for all that, I tell you I fear him—not for myself. Madeleine and One other have made me strong to resist his temptations. But I fear him for my child's sake. He will attempt to do me an injury through her, and this thought is helping me to drive me homewards, lest I die in a foreign land and leave my child to the mercy of strangers and to him.

"Forgive, if you can, your erring son, who craves your pardon for himself, and your tender care for his little child.

"REXINGTON FALCONER."

Brian Falconer's voice ceased as he came to the end of the letter. Then he looked up and said quietly—

"Poor old Rexington!"

His eyes met those of his mother. The tears were streaming down the old lady's cheeks. Algy stayed his occupation to throw

his arms round her and give her a hearty kiss.

"Don't cry, grannie," he said softly.

"You'll soon have Uncle Rexington with you."

"Please God," said his father.

And "Please God," sighed the Squire.

Mrs. Falconer wiped her eyes, and the next instant Nicola Bartoletti was announced.

He was a man of middle size with an Italian-looking face, dark, restless eyes, and thin lips. His sister Francesca had been the wife of Squire Falconer's second son, Lewis. At her husband's death she had jealously guarded the interests of her only child, Anita, and when she lay dying she had bequeathed this guardianship to her brother Nicola.

He shook hands with the Squire and his wife, gave a nod to Mr. Brian Falconer, and took no notice of Algy, who had returned to his whittling, and who contented himself with making a grimace behind the Italian's back.

Mr. Bartoletti looked from one to another as he drew up a chair and held out a pair of well-shaped hands towards the welcome blaze.

"It is blowing guns outside," he said in a strangely musical voice, while his eyes furtively glanced at the letter Mr. Brian Falconer still held.

"Hum," replied the latter. "It's a nasty day, but the Squire has heard news which has filled us all with joy. My elder brother Rexington has written at last to tell my parents that they may expect to see him any day, and that he is bringing his little daughter with him."

Mr. Bartoletti's jaw dropped. He stared for an instant as if not able to understand what had been said to him. Then suddenly pushing his chair back he stood up.

"I—I did not know he had a child," he said, stammering slightly.

"Yes," returned Brian Falconer; "she is eight years of age."

"And—she—comes—too?" questioned Mr. Bartoletti with a pause between each word.

The Squire gave a curt inclination of his head. He had never liked Mr. Bartoletti and he never would like him; he distrusted him.

The Italian said nothing for the next minute or two. His eyes traveled towards the window where a portion of the park with its beautiful trees and its spotted deer could be seen, and beyond that lay the woodlands which even in their winter dress had so great an attraction for Mr. Bartoletti.

His thin lips twitched nervously. He glanced round the room, then let his eyes wander slowly back to the Squire's face.

"And does your son say nothing of why he has kept you all this time in ignorance as to his whereabouts, when you had given him up for dead?" he asked.

"He has told us everything," said the Squire coldly, "but these particulars we keep for our family alone."

"I have for some time considered myself a member of that family," returned the Italian with emphasis.

"Only to the extent of being brother to my son Lewis's wife and guardian to his child," replied the Squire haughtily. "Had my son Lewis not died and had his wife not died, you would never have set foot amongst us, sir."

Mr. Bartoletti's features settled into an expression of hardness as he said shortly—

"However that may be, you will not dispute my authority as guardian over Anita, and for this reason alone I must make inquiry how

the sudden turning up of this eldest son affects my ward's position as the inheritor of this vast property." He waved his hand as he spoke towards the view from the window, which he had been regarding just a while before.

"And it is for this reason that I have asked you here, Mr. Bartoletti," remarked the Squire in choleric tones; "for this reason and no other. The sudden turning up of my eldest son, as you term it, must of course affect my granddaughter Anita's position in a large degree. According to the entail, my eldest son will now inherit the greater part of my property. And, failing him, it must go to my granddaughter Camilla."

"And failing her?" The sneer was plainly visible, and Mr. Bartoletti's mouth took an ugly twist.

"Failing Camilla, it reverts to my second granddaughter, Anita."

There was dead silence in the room for a short while.

When Mr. Bartoletti struck in, a sneering note sounding through the music of his voice, "Does his former chosen friend and confidante, Roger Densham, accompany him?"

"No, sir, he does not!"

The words were roared out in a voice which made Nicola Bartoletti spring to his feet. The old man had risen too, and they both stood facing each other. The British lion in the Squire was roused; his features were quivering with anger; the veins on his forehead and temples stood out like whipcord.

With a leisurely movement Brian Falconer interposed his burly form between the two men, and then turned on the younger a look that pierced even his cold heart.

"That was a question which only a dastard would have asked," he remarked with cutting emphasis; then, in a different tone of voice he turned to the Squire. "My dear father," he said, "I think that the business for which you summoned us is now at an end. You have told us that my brother Rexington is alive and returning to his home. That now, I take it, is what you wished us to learn, and having learned it we will keep you no longer, but will bid you good-day."

Then, wheeling sharply round, he said briskly, "Come, Bartoletti, we shall detain my parents no longer."

Mr. Bartoletti took up his hat, bowing low to the old lady, and returning a curt nod for the glare which the Squire cast on him. He found Brian Falconer at his side as he reached the hall door; but as they stepped out into the biting blast Brian Falconer stopped.

"Go on," he said coldly to the Italian. "I may or may not catch up. I shall stop behind to speak to my mother for a while. Don't wait for me," and he had stepped back into the warm hall and had closed the door before Nicola Bartoletti could open his lips to offer a remonstrance, had he so wished.

"A neat way of getting rid of me and of finding out for himself what that fine brother of his has written home. A precious rascal he was, if all that my sister Francesca told me is true. And to think—to think," cried the Italian, raising his voice as the wind swept round him in whirls and gusts, and the rain drops pattered heavily on his umbrella, "to think that this property should fall into the hands of a rascal who will only play ducks and drakes with it at the gaming table, instead of into the hands of my niece Anita,

who, with me as her guardian to control and direct her, would make a fitter inheritor than even the Squire's eldest son will do, be he the rightful heir or no."

CHAPTER V.

At the Inn.

With the step almost of a guilty man, Pierre Gascon bore Camilla off in his arms when the lifeboat grinded on the shore of Deal.

It was four o'clock in the morning, a cold raw morning with the wind blowing a hurricane.

Without waiting to exchange a word in that big crowd, and with Jacques following close on his heels, the Frenchman hastened away, casting an occasional glance over his shoulder in dread of being followed by the man in the black coat. But Roger Densham was nowhere within sight, and Pierre hurried along as fast as his wearied limbs and dripping garments would permit him.

To a small inn standing on a lonely road on the outskirts of Deal he made his way, and there thundered impatiently at the door.

A long silence ensued, which Pierre followed up by another onslaught on the panels. Then suddenly a window from upstairs was flung open, and a man's voice called—

"Who are you that make noise enough to wake the dead?"

"Sh—ah—sh, Robert," was the Frenchman's reply, given in a subdued tone. "Don't stand talking there, but come down and let me in."

"Not till I know who you are!" was the answer.

"Bah!" cried Pierre in a tone of anger. "But don't you know! C'est moi—c'est Pierre."

At this the window was quickly shut, and in a short while steps were heard on the inside of the door, and the sound of a key turned in the lock. Next, the door was opened, and Camilla, half frozen and wholly miserable, saw the face of a big burly English innkeeper with a kindly eye.

"What brings you here at such an hour?" he exclaimed, as the Frenchman staggered in and sank exhausted on to a settle with Camilla still in his arms.

Pierre did not reply immediately. His breath was coming in short quick gasps, and where he sat little pools of water circled round the floor from his own and Camilla's dripping clothes, upon which the innkeeper's eyes rested anxiously.

"What on earth has happened to you, Pierre," he said at length, "and"—with a good humored shrug—"what will Jeanette say to all this?" waving his hand towards the water on the floor.

"She will be thankful that her brother has been spared a watery grave," Pierre roused himself to say. "Call her quick, Robert. I want her to put this little mademoiselle into a warm bath and bed. We have both been fighting for our lives in the surf off the Goodwin Sands."

"The Goodwin Sands! Ah! then we were right when we thought we heard the lifeboat ring!" exclaimed the innkeeper. "Jeanette! Jeanette!" he called, running to the foot of the stairs. "Here is your brother come like a drowned rat, just escaped from the wreck, with a little miss in his arms."

In a trice a trim, plump little Frenchwoman, clad in an amazingly flowered dressing gown, had tripped down the stairs, fallen upon her brother and kissed him warmly on both cheeks, and then, lifting Camilla into her arms, she kissed her as energetically.

"Can you put her into a warm bath and bed at once?" said Pierre anxiously. "She has been in the water too long, and the wind cuts like a knife outside. I'll tell you all about everything later."

"Pauvre petite ange!" was his sister's reply, as she bore her off.

The innkeeper was already engaged in lighting a fire in the cozy little parlor. This done, he bade Pierre strip himself of his wet clothes, and then went away to seek for dry garments.

When Jeanette returned in the space of half an hour, it was to find her brother sitting warm and dry by a glowing fire and looking on with hungry eyes at the innkeeper, who was frizzling slices of ham round a circle of eggs.

"Ciel!" cried Jeanette, "voyez le cher homme!" Then seizing her husband round the neck, she planted a couple of hasty kisses on each cheek. "Does he not always think of the right thing! But for my angel upstairs I must have other food than that rich dish. I have it! The milk over from our tea of yesterday! Oh! the good thing that I took a pint extra, thinking to make Robert a dish of the English pancakes that he makes so much of." She poured a creamy draught of milk from a jug into a bright saucepan and placed it coaxingly near the frying-pans. "With some bread this will make just the meal for the little mademoiselle. Ah! Pierre, it is that I am longing to hear your story. But presently—presently."

The milk was soon warmed and poured over the bread in a basin, and the brisk little woman trotted off with it, leaving Pierre to partake of her husband's more deliberate cooking.

This he was soon doing.

It was getting on for six o'clock when Jeanette trotted down again to announce the fact that "la petite ange" was sleeping soundly.

"And now for what you have to tell us," she said, drawing her chair close to her husband's.

Pierre then proceeded to give an account of all that had befallen him. In a few rapid words he revealed to his listeners all the awful terrors of that night, and of the charge that the dead father had laid upon him.

"I shall go alone and find out where Miss Barrington lives," ended Pierre, "and when I have delivered the message to her I shall return for the little mademoiselle and take her in a cab. By doing this mademoiselle will not encounter the dark gentleman whom her father feared. Would you not advise me this?"

Jeanette warmly assented. "And for me, I will take the greatest care of la petite enfant whilst you are away," she cried.

Pierre now intimated his wish for a sleep before the day's work began: so to bed he went, only too thankful to stretch his tired limbs and fall into a heavy sleep; whilst Jacques curled himself up on a mat near the door and dozed at intervals.

CHAPTER VI.

Pierre Receives a Shock.

For Jeanette and her husband there was no more sleep. It was now close upon their usual time for getting-up, so they moved softly about the house, fearful of making the slightest noise that might rouse the wearied travelers under their roof.

But Pierre was up long before Camilla's little tired frame was rested. The knowledge of the charge laid upon him had awakened him earlier than his sister had expected. At ten o'clock she found him standing before the kitchen fire rubbing his hands before the blaze in slow meditation.

"I think I do right to seek out first the lady," he said, looking up at her with a somewhat troubled expression of face. "What I must not let her out of my sight until

I placed her in Miss Barrington's care; and if I leave her here—"

"Ah, bah! Bless the man!" interposed Jeanette. "Do you think for one little instant that any evil-minded Englishman could overcome me? I will guard that sweet child with my life. He will have to kill first Robert and then me before he reaches that angel!" And she drew herself up with a gesture that satisfied even her brother.

"Ah well, then, from your and Robert's hands will I demand the little mademoiselle when I come back," said Pierre in manifest relief, sitting down to the breakfast that his sister had been laying for him all the time she talked.

"She is the bonniest little lady I ever set eyes on," said the innkeeper heartily.

"A perfect angel," returned his wife in her cheeriest tone.

Half an hour later Pierre started on his quest. Lyndhurst Road was easily found; so also was Rose Cottage. It was a pretty little house standing a short way off the road, with trailing creepers covering the red brick walls. The morning sun shone cheerfully on the beds of wallflowers and the trim-shaven lawn.

As Pierre rang the bell he contrasted the bright calmness of the day with the horrors of the night before.

The door was opened by an elderly woman servant. She looked inquiringly at the visitor.

"I have come to see Miss Barrington on urgent business. Will you ask her if she will do me the favor of seeing me?"

But as the woman only stared at him without replying, Pierre added quietly—

"If you will tell her that a gentleman whom she will remember, named Monsieur Rexington Falconer, has sent me, she will not deny me a hearing."

"But—but—Miss Barrington is not here," exclaimed the woman.

"Not here!" Pierre's heart sank for an instant, then rose with a bound. "Perhaps you will kindly tell me where she has gone?"

"She is dead."

"Dead!"

The Frenchman stared stupidly at her.

"She died six weeks ago. The house has been taken by two ladies—strangers to Miss Barrington; they came from London last week, and I came with them."

The shock for a minute deprived Pierre of all speech. He could only gaze strangely at the woman, whilst he asked himself what was to become now of the child entrusted to his care. What was he to do with her? Whom was he to place her with?

A sickening sense of fear took possession of him as the memory of the dying man's face came before him when uttering the words, "Roger Densham would try to do me an injury through my child, though I be dead a thousand times over." And with the remembrance came a feverish anxiety to return to the child, to protect her with his presence.

With a muttered word of thanks he turned from the door and hurried back to the inn, a terrible fear clutching his heart that in his absence the child might have been spirited away. The beads of perspiration stood thick on his brow as he burst into the kitchen.

"La petite enfant! Where is she?" he gasped.

"Still sleeping, the angel," replied Jeanette in calm tones, polishing the copper kettle till it shone like gold.

(To be continued.)

Cashly (at the club)—"Is your wife entertaining this winter?"

Stocksom—"Not very."—New York Tribune.

AT THE CHURCH

Sunday School Lesson

By Herbert L. Willett

The Home of Diana*

Ephesus was the most conspicuous city in western Asia. It was situated not far from the Aegean Sea, on its eastern coast, and was the center around which there were grouped many cities of importance in the proconsular province of Asia at the western end of Asia Minor. It is not improbable that at one time Ephesus was a sea-port, although even in the first century the sea had receded, leaving the city some distance from the coast. It was a highly complex life that Ephesus manifested. East and West contributed at once to it. Asia and Europe, the Semite and the Aryan jostled each other upon its streets.

It was the home of superstition and heathenism. Its patron goddess was Diana, the huntress of Greek mythology. Her temple rose as the commanding structure of this metropolis. It was the tradition that the first builder of the temple of Artemis or Diana had stood upon the summit of the structure and shot an arrow with his full strength. The line marked by the arrow's flight became the radius of a circle which he designated as an asylum for offenders of every class. Any man accused of crime could find safety within the wide circumference of which the temple was the center. The city, therefore, became at an early day the refuge of criminals and the vicious of all classes. And though that first condition had passed away in the days when Alexander the Great built the second temple to Diana, the city still preserved its mixed and feverish character.

The Arrival of Paul.

The goddess herself was worshipped in the form of an image kept in the sacred shrine of the great temple. This image was believed to have fallen from heaven at the time the first temple was built. Craftsmen in the city made a profitable business of fashioning small images of the goddess or likenesses of the temple itself, and these were sold to the faithful who came at the festival times in great numbers to the city.

It was to this heathen center, as eager and restless as Corinth and far more complex in its life, that Paul came with his two friends, Aquila and Priscilla, on his way to Jerusalem at the close of his second missionary journey. He tarried only a brief time in Ephesus and then went on to Jerusalem, leaving his friends to take up their residence in Ephesus. But after he had paid his respects to the leaders of the mother church and had gone to Antioch to report the progress of his labors, he hastened back through the regions of Galatia and Phrygia and soon afterward arrived at Ephesus again.

Apollos of Alexandria.

In the meantime two interesting events had happened which are narrated in this lesson. One was the conversion of Apollos

and the other the baptism of the uninstructed Jewish disciples in Ephesus. Apollos was a young Alexandrian, a Jew of the dispersion or non-Palestinian type, who had come to Ephesus soon after Paul's departure for the East. Apollos soon made the acquaintance of Paul's friends, Aquila and Priscilla. He had learned some simple facts regarding the Christian doctrine, but was evidently unfamiliar with its larger meaning and was, in fact, in the condition of one who accepted John rather than Jesus as the Messiah. He had received the baptism that was preached in John's name. But the zealous husband and wife took him into their home and gave him the larger view of the gospel, which marked the teaching and baptism of John as only the preliminary step to the world-wide mission of Jesus.

Aquila, Priscilla and Paul had only recently come from Corinth. The two disciples in Ephesus knew the needs of the little church back in the Greek city. So when they deemed Apollos sufficiently prepared, they sent him over to be the teacher of that group, furnishing him letters of introduction to their friends in Corinth. The work of Apollos in the Greek city must have been highly successful, but the young man soon became aware that there was forming round him a faction in the church which used his name as a rallying cry to combat the friends of Paul and still other groups in the church. The factional differences of that company of Christians are described and reproved in Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians. When Apollos discovered this tendency in the church he refused to lend himself to any such divisive tactics and left, probably returning to Ephesus. When Paul wrote the First Epistle to the Corinthians the church had requested the return of Apollos, but Paul informed them that the young man was unable to come at that time. Probably the apostle concurred in the judgment of Apollos that it was unwise to permit any growth of the sectarian spirit in that volatile community.

The Twelve Disciples.

The second incident happened soon after Paul's return to Ephesus from Antioch. In his teaching he came into contact with a group of Jewish disciples, some twelve in number whom he asked concerning their reception of the Spirit. By this question Paul wished to make sure that they understood the real character of Christianity as a spiritual and not a ceremonial religion like Judaism. He asked them if they had received the Holy Spirit when they believed; that is, were they possessed of the spirit and purpose of Jesus in their daily life? The answer to such a question would at once show whether they comprehended the meaning of Christianity or were only attached to its outward forms. They responded that they had not even heard that the Holy Spirit was given, and showed that they were still lingering in that twilight of Christian teaching in which Apollos had stood when Aquila and Priscilla took up his education. This led Paul to give to these Ephesian disciples further instructions regarding the life and purpose of Jesus and the necessity of possessing his spirit in

order that they might realize the blessings of the new faith. To make emphatic the new teaching Paul laid his hands upon them and through them the work of teaching, tongues and healing manifested itself as through other members of the Christian community. These external gifts, like speaking with tongues and healing the sick, were not the essential proofs of the Spirit's presence in their lives, but they were useful in that age when faith was likely to rest in no small degree upon the visible manifestations of the Christian life in acts of power. Paul had occasion more than once to rebuke the early Christians for putting so much emphasis upon tongues, gifts of healing and the like. (I. Cor. 12-14.) It was only love, he said, which proved the reality of Christian life.

Paul in Ephesus.

This must have been a period of intense activity on Paul's part. He went into the Jewish synagogue and for a period of three months used every opportunity of reaching the men of his own race. Later, when opposition developed, he hired a debating hall owned by a man named Tyrannus, and there for at least a portion of each day he continued for two years in the work of public instruction. In this way his influence was spread not only through the city but in the adjacent regions, and probably those churches which are included in the list of "the seven churches of Asia," addressed in the early chapters of the Apocalypse, were planted at this time; not so much by his personal evangelism, as by the influences that went out from his work in Ephesus.

Especially against the superstitious practices of the city did he direct his efforts. It was a place given over to the teaching of sorcery and necromancy. Paul registered a strong protest against this false belief, and in actual conflict with the leaders of such unholy practices he championed the cause of the gospel. This work finally resulted in the destruction by the people of many of their books and instruments of divination, and a kind of "pyramid of vanities," like that which Savonarola burned in the public square of Florence, testified to the thorough nature of the reformation. In this manner Paul's work in Ephesus during more than two years was prosperous.

The Two Gifts

There is the gift of a beautiful face,
And there is the gift of a heart of grace.
Which would you have—now tell me true!
Which of these gifts, were it left to you?

The beautiful face will fade some day,
But the heart of grace will last for aye;
So, better a gift of endless worth
Than the dearest treasure in all the earth.

All cannot have a beautiful face,
But each may possess a heart of grace;
This wonderful, priceless gift is free
To king and to beggar, to you and to me.

So he whose face will never be fair
Needs not to give one sigh of despair,
For he may, if he choose, have a heart of
grace,
Which is worth far more than the loveliest
face.

—Our Juniors (Baptist).

*International Sunday-school lesson for August 15, 1909: Paul's Third Missionary Journey—Ephesus, Acts 18:23; 19:22. Golden Text: "The name of the Lord Jesus was magnified," Acts 19:17. Memory verses, 19, 20.

Prayer Meeting

By Silas Jones

FULL-ORBED CHARACTER.

Topic, Aug. 11. 2 Cor. 8:1-9; Phil. 4:8, 9; Luke 18:18-25; Matt. 5:43-48.

Life would be fuller of meaning and power if we could only remember at all times that the only serious limitations are those of character. The restrictions imposed by the external world have their significance for character and as such we must reckon with them. The advantages possessed by others in the way of wealth and culture do not take from us the privilege of having the right attitude toward God and our neighbor. We may accept every limitation of external condition as an invitation to go deeper into life and to get a firmer hold on the things that abide.

The Open Hand.

The stingy man is either exceptionally ignorant or exceptionally mean. He is more often densely ignorant of his debt to society. In his stupidity he imagines that he has produced the wealth he controls. He does not know that centuries of toil were required for the production of the simplest tool he uses. He does not know that the sentiments that are at the basis of the laws of property and that insure to him the right to control what he calls his own have been produced by the travail of humanity. Or the stingy man may be intelligent but mean. He is indifferent to the common good. He avoids paying school taxes if he can, because he has no children. If he has children, he uses them as he does his horse. His patriotism ends where his selfish schemes end. His religion, and he may think he is religious, is about the sorriest sentiment that ever resided in the heart of man. He bargains with God as he does with the horse trader. Over against the stingy man is set the Christian. He is aware of his debt to others and it is his delight to pay his debt. His hand is open for every kind of service. He takes the initiative in good works. When he is invited to help and is not able, he does not resent the invitation, but regrets his inability to do more.

The Open Mind.

It has been said that it is easy to be open-minded without convictions, and to have convictions without open-mindedness, but that it is extremely difficult to be an open-minded man with convictions. In Phil. 4:8, Paul tells how the two may be united. A man has to think upon the great themes in order that he may grasp a truth firmly enough to let it grow in his mind without getting away from him. The excitement connected with the announcement of a new aspect of truth is evidence that men have not thought long and seriously upon the truth committed to them. Things that are true, just, pure, and lovely do not remain unchanged in the mind of him who reflects upon them. They grow more beautiful and their truth is seen to be manifold. If they do not grow as we contemplate them, they cease to interest us. Monotony kills interest. But the fault is with us if they remain monotonously the same. On the other hand, uncertainty kills character. We may be willing to leave many things in doubt, but we need to feel the power of some truth if we are to develop moral vigor. But the certainty is gained by grappling with real problems and thinking through them. Borrowed convictions lack in force. So, then, it is the open mind that acquires unshaken confidence.

The Standard of Character.

Great moral heroes are a mystery to the majority because so much of our morality

is shrewd bargaining. It is like the peace of nations that is preserved by lying diplomacy and the sword. Each nation profits by the misfortune of the others if it can. In like manner our morality is prudent selfishness. We look always to the consequences for ourselves and are more than willing to make others pay the cost of our enjoyment. Christian morality is another thing. Its standard

Christian Endeavor Lesson

By W. D. Endres

TOPIC AUGUST 15.

Pilgrim's Progress Series: VIII. Two Valleys. Ps. 22:1-8; Mic. 7:7, 8; Rom. 8:35-39.

It is a splendid thing for young Christians to study the experiences of Christian in the Valley of Humiliation and in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. It sets forth a true Christian experience which every Disciple must learn early in his religious life if he is to be effective, viz., to be religious, one must be able to struggle and endure. The Christian life is both beautiful and heroic. Mark this well. Too many there are like Pliable, who decide quickly and easily to be Christians because of the joys and blessings it offers but who fail to see that while these are within the reach of all they are likewise "pearls of great price."

Christian's descent from the Palace Beautiful where he enjoyed to the full the worship and the companionship of the saints, into the Valley of Humiliation where he must withstand the attacks of Apollyon, shows us the wide range of his experience. But it is not untrue to life. Many are the young men and women who have come out of a long series of protracted meetings, in which they took the name of Christ, and during which they were carried into the mountain top where they tasted the rare joys of forgiveness and the fellowship of Christian saints, only to rush out into the world, where they are made the objects of prolonged and severe attack.

The great ideal of the Christian is righteousness. The indispensable condition to its realization is humility. Jesus wants us to learn of him because "he is meek and lowly of heart." Our true purpose, then, may be, it often is, by way of self-obliviation. But many a man has stepped aside here, as he was making this descent for personal distinction and honor and has been lost forever to his righteous ideal and to God. He who would succeed here must carry in his soul the elements of discretion, piety, charity, and prudence.

But he who succeeds in this valley is no weakling. His struggle is moral but real. Is not every great struggle, worthy of commemoration, so? Was not that a moral contention which resisted taxation without representation; or that which freed four million black slaves; or that which broke the tyrannous grip of an old world nation from an island people?

As the nature of this new life begins to differentiate itself in the mind its responsibilities in the nature of trial and struggle become more apparent. They loom large in his mind. Shall he turn back? The welcome of old associates awaits him; familiar scenes are ready to greet him; and former habits offer him their old time joy. His present ideal offers him little hope of immediate relief. His former companions love to dwell on his mistakes of which he is keenly aware. That he will make still others and give to

is in God. The young man who came to Jesus to ask what he should do to inherit eternal life learned that God's service demanded the elimination of every trace of selfishness. He was not allowed to keep his vast wealth when it was selfish to keep it. To those who were indignant at wrongdoers Jesus spoke of God's loving care for the evil and the good. The spirit of revenge is absent from the full-orbed life. It overcomes evil with good. It believes in schools and homes and churches more than in jails and penitentiaries. It sends the missionary, not the warship, to the savage peoples.

them other occasions to scoff at him and scorn this new mode of life, is morally certain. But, when he recalls the fact that he abandoned the old life because its burdens were too heavy to be borne; that others before him have struggled in like manner and come off "more than conquerors;" and that the Lord is faithful to help and gracious to forgive, he is able to "reach out his hand" and give a "deadly thrust" to the temptation which besets him.

But all our struggles do not arise on account of attacks from without. All have experiences of mental confusion, darkness and doubt. The young Christian who grows introspective, with the impatience of youth, often moves rashly, makes serious mistakes, and as a result, incurs grave problems. In these moments the non-religious people try his soul. They never tire of pointing to Christian failure. His toil, his disappointments, his struggles, and his anxieties, are constantly on their lips. In contrast they point to themselves and others who are well to do, who go in good society, and enjoy life generally. What then is the good of being so concerned about the will of God?

Moreover they point to scores who have continued for a considerable time in the Christian life, but who have finally given up the struggle. They are living examples of the foolishness of it all. "What more hope is there for you," they say. "Just as well give up the fight." It is an easy step from that to say that a God of justice, kindness, and love, will not work such a hardship upon his children. Many a Christian's faith has suffered shipwreck here.

But if he will ponder deeply, the experiences of those about him, as well as himself, he will see that by no means can the irreligious lay exclusive claim to comfort, joy and peace. Indeed he will see that their suffering is widespread and intense. He will also recall that great throng who have waged a successful fight and closed their lives in triumphant joy. Once more as he surveys the nations of earth, he discovers that those nations whose people have anchored their faith in God are leading the world's civilization. He is convinced that God's children suffer not because of his neglect or injustice, but because of the selfishness and injustice of those with whom they must live on the earth. From his gloom he emerges with a conquering faith and in the words of Paul declares: "I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

SAFEGUARDED.

We think to be defeated,
By Satan and his band.
But let me tell you one thing:
"Our God is right on hand!"

Chicago—Pittsburg

The Secretary Stands Where the Campbells Were Baptized

The drive from West Middletown to the site of the old Brush Run church takes one through a country of steep hills which are much wooded. In the days of the fathers this country was solidly wooded except for the small clearings that had been made in it by the settlers. It is not thickly settled today and must have been even more sparsely settled in those days, for the character of the country is not such as to support a dense population.

Were one to have inquired a year ago in this neighborhood for the site of the old Brush Run church, he would have found few who could have answered him. It is almost a forgotten place and only the companies of Disciples who have gone through recently have aroused any measure of interest in the place. The spot is identified by the Farrar

30x36 feet in dimensions. One can easily calculate from this that it did not hold over a hundred people. Probably this was as large a building as so sparsely a settled country would demand, though many of them attended here from a considerable distance. The stones are ordinary limestone hewn out with no very great deal of precision and laid in their place without any plaster or cement so far as we could discover.

The story of the building of this church is an interesting one. The Campbells were at this time residing at Washington, but many members of the Christian Association resided in the vicinity of Buffalo Creek. It was decided to build a meeting house in this community where they had so often used dwelling houses as the place of meeting. They selected a site on the farm of William Gil-

struction. The church at this time could count up only about thirty members, as many had separated themselves from the movement at the change of opinions manifested by the Campbells on Christian baptism and on some other questions.

Thus the old Brush Run church was the scene of the labors of the Campbells at a formative period when they were working out the principles of their movement. No other spot can have the historical significance for the Disciples that does this lonely church yard in the hills of western Pennsylvania.

After gathering some small fragments of stone from the foundation and cutting some canes from the young saplings of the church yard, we drove on full of memories of the past that had been awakened by this visit.

Site of Campbell's Baptism.

Fortunately a previous party had taken a person to the spot of Campbell's baptism, who had accurate knowledge of the place through long residence in the community. We followed their route. The site is on a side road at a place where the Buffalo Creek is deflected at right angles by coming against the side of the bluff on which the road runs. At this right angle turn there used to be a deep pool. We did not investigate the depth here at the time of our visit, but there would unquestionably be enough water there now to furnish a place for baptism, though at other places the creek did not seem to be over a foot in depth.

The first baptism performed here was performed by Thomas Campbell before he was himself baptized. In his day an old tree stood at the turn of the stream with its roots projecting into the stream. Thomas Campbell sat upon these roots and baptized the candidates without himself getting wet. Later more seemly methods of baptizing were adopted.

Applying a Principle.

The immediate occasion of the baptism of the Campbells was the birth of Alexander's first child. The wife's parents were Presbyterians and there was the practical question, should the child be christened. The group had taken as their motto "Where the scriptures speak, we speak; where the scriptures are silent, we are silent." They had been warned that this principle would exclude infant baptism and now they searched the scriptures for authority for the baptism of the child. They found none and in their investigations, Alexander became convinced that he had not been baptized scripturally. With him conviction involved action. He announced his decision to his father, expecting to encounter opposition, but found that his father and mother and sister were also determined to be baptized.

Matthias Luce and a few other Baptist preachers were present but no "experience" was given and the ordinary customs of the Baptist church were set aside, the Campbells being baptized upon a profession of faith in Jesus Christ. The date of this baptism was June 12, 1812.

The meeting that day occupied seven hours. Both Thomas and Alexander Campbell preached on their change of views and defended their decision. James Hanen and wife were so impressed with the argument that they too were baptized with the Campbells, making in all seven persons. Before long all of the members of the Brush Run either accepted immersion or left it, not because of exercise of authority, but through natural choice.

We cannot but honor these brave men who acted through a sense of fulfilling the Divine



Site of Brush Run Church; C. A. MacDonald, McKees Rocks, Standing at Lines of Foundation

school house which is about three miles from West Middletown. It is an ordinary country school-house of rather modern construction and has no interest save as a landmark of the more interesting spot we were seeking.

We left the carriage at the Farrar school house and walked half a mile back of the school house into the timber on one side of the deep valley called Brush Run. There had once been a road that ran directly to the church, but the topography of the country has changed and the site of the church is now far removed from the ordinary lines of travel.

Site of Brush Run Church.

On the hill to one side of the deep valley of Brush Run, we found the old stone foundation of the church. The place is so abandoned that there is now a number of young saplings growing within the enclosure made by the stones. What was once clearing around the building, has grown up thickly with brush and so dense is it that we experienced considerable difficulty in getting the picture which we present of the lines of the foundation.

We stepped the lines of the building as they are marked by the stones just protruding above the ground. The old church was

christ on one side of the valley of Brush Run, two miles from its junction with Buffalo Creek. There was a saw mill on an adjoining farm.

First Meeting in the Church.

The first meeting held on the site was on a temporary stand where Alexander Campbell was invited to deliver the first discourse. He chose as his text the words found in Job 8:7, "Though thy beginning was small, thy latter end shall greatly increase." This discourse was delivered September 16, 1810. The sermon was often referred to in subsequent years as being prophetic of the rapid spread of the movement.

On May 4, the following spring, the Christian Association met in its semi-annual meeting at Brush Run. Thomas Campbell had this spring moved on to a farm in this vicinity. At this meeting the group was organized as a church and Alexander Campbell was licensed to preach. On the following Sunday they observed the Lord's supper. Alexander Campbell preached from the text, "I am the bread of life."

On June 2, 1811, the first meeting was held in the new meeting house of Brush Run, which though unfinished was used from this time on, rough seats being provided for the assembly. The building was of frame con-

will. Perhaps this acceptance of immersion did not have the significance in their minds that it does in ours. Certainly they never made the subject one of such continual preaching as have many of their disciples. But they were men of conscience and their bold public act of renunciation of the old-

but was not able to keep the secret afterwards.

It was night-fall when we left the scene of the baptism and we drove in the darkness of a summer evening the eight miles to Bethany. The "lightning" bugs filled the air and the stars showed dimly. We passed

ton democrats display a disposition to nominate Joseph H. O'Neil, president of the Federal trust company, and a former member of Congress and United States treasurer in Boston.

Woman's Sphere

—Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, assisted by Miss Charlotte Thompson, has written a play. It is called "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." It will be produced this fall.

—Miss Helen Gould was forty-one years old lately and has already done more good with her money than the average millionaire of twice her age, says a writer. Miss Gould is sweet and sane in all her work for the good of mankind in which she gives not only of her money but of her mind, that humanity may not be uplifted but may have opportunity to uplift itself.

—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, with her daughter, Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, is at her home, Oak Glen, near Newport, R. I. She still continues her historic and philosophic studies.

—Mrs. J. Addison Hayes, fifty-four years old, daughter of the late Jefferson Davis, president of the confederacy, died July 18, at her home in Colorado Springs, after an illness of six months. Her husband was president of the First National Bank there.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor Dandridge, who has just died at Winchester, Va., was once mistress of the White House. A few weeks after the election of her father, Zachary Taylor, to the presidency Elizabeth Taylor married an army officer, Captain Bliss, nicknamed for his attainments and popularity "Perfect Bliss." For one year, and until General Taylor's death she presided over the executive mansion in a manner that has linked her popularity and her graciousness with the fame of Dolly Madison.

—Rose Nouchette Carey, the novelist, died last week in England. She began as a novelist in 1868. Her works included "Robert Ord's Atonement," "Not Like Other Girls," "Other People's Lives," and the "Highway of Fate."

—Mrs. Margaret E. Langdale of Cambridge, Mass., has just given the Phillips Exeter academy \$50,000 to found a scholarship to be known as the Charles E. Langdale scholarship. Mrs. Langdale's husband, the late Prof. Charles E. Langdale, was for many years the dean of the law faculty of Harvard, and this scholarship is to commemorate his work.

—The women of Colorado have begun a campaign to elect Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker to congress two years hence. "Of course, it is difficult to tell whether we will be successful in our efforts or not," said Mrs. Harriet Wright, former member of the state legislature. "But we are looking forward to landing a woman in the halls of congress, and we certainly are going to make a determined trial."

—Accompanied by her mother and Mr. and Mrs. John Macey, Helen Keller, the blind girl will pass the summer in their new home, Linden Grove farm, near Brunswick, Me. While there she will write a book on nature study.

—A woman contributor to The American Magazine says the following about Mr. Rockefeller: "Conduct your business as you wish, Mr. Rockefeller, for, after all, we rather admire sharp practice when it makes good. Put your helpless competitors out of the game, drive them to failure, despair and suicide, buy up the Upper House, create a Third House. But don't on top of that, don't we beg of you, have the face to preach the Golden Rule. Really, Mr. Rockefeller, when it comes to this Sunday-school proposition, you're nothing but a joke. Beat it!"



Place Where Alexander Campbell was Baptized.—Mr. Jordan Is Standing on the Bank.

time baptism is in striking contrast with that of an enemy of the Christian Association who fought the Campbells for a long time and then became convinced they were right. Rather than publicly admit his error, he baptized himself in the Buffalo while all alone

the hazy outlines of a country which must be surpassingly beautiful in the day-time and arrived full of fatigue but with the impressions of a rich day's experience filling our souls.

People of Importance

—Leon Bourgeois has been appointed to succeed Clemenceau as Premier of France. He has served his country in various capacities since 1877, when he became Secretary of the Department of Marine. He was President of the Chamber of Deputies in 1902-3. He is recognized as chief of the Radical party.

—The oldest man in the United States Senate is Isaac Stephenson of Wisconsin, who got there by rather uncertain methods a while back. He is 80 years old and his term expires March 3, 1915.

—Sir Robert Hart, who has spent a year's leave of absence in England, the first vacation he has taken in more than twenty years, has practically decided to retire from the position of director general of Chinese customs on account of ill health.

—Senator Aldrich has accepted the invitation of the Commercial Club of Chicago to address that body at its annual meeting in November. The address will be on financial reforms. Senator Aldrich by November will have made his visit to Europe and have gathered up all the data necessary for a long talk on that subject.

—Prince Bulow, former chancellor of the German empire, left office after having been the longest lived of German chancellors after the first and greatest, Bismarck. For his services in connection with the Spanish agreement about the Caroline and other Pacific islands, he was made a count; while in 1905, on the occasion of the crown prince's wedding, the kaiser raised him to the rank of prince, or, rather, "furst," which is akin

to that of the British marquis and only inferior to that of duke.

—J. Pierpont Morgan has returned to this country after four months spent in Europe, looking much thinner and less ruddy than formerly. He brought back with him \$30,000 in art objects.

—Sir Edward Morris, the new Premier of Newfoundland, is fifty years of age and has spent half of that time in public life. He is an example of the class of men which by sheer merit is going to the front in so many of the British colonies as well as in the United States. He taught school to earn the means to take a course at Ottawa university, and then entered the legal profession, where he soon acquired the reputation of being an able criminal lawyer.

—Ahmed Mirza, the newly proclaimed Shah of Persia, is the second son of Mohammed Ali. He has precedence over the eldest son of the dethroned shah because the mother of that eldest son was not a princess of the reigning Kajar house. There are three brothers and several sisters. Among the new titles which the new shah will assume as ruler of Persia are Shah-in-Shah, meaning king of kings; Zil Allah, Shadow of God; Kibleh Alum, Centre of the World, the Exalted One, Exalted as the Planet Saturn, the Well of Knowledge, the King Whose Standard is the Sun and Whose Splendor is That of the Firmament.

—Ambassador Thompson, United States representative in Mexico, was robbed of \$13,000 while absent from his post by a trusted employe, according to a letter received at Janeville, Wis., from Mr. Thompson.

—Now that Mayor Hibbard has declared himself a candidate for re-election, the Bos-

Church Life

O. L. Summer has resigned at Elk City, Kansas.

A fine new church is to be built at Marion, Ind.

T. S. Tinsley becomes pastor of the Third Church, Louisville, Ky.

Will your church send its preacher to the great Centennial Convention?

A Sunday-school building is being erected by the church at Cuba, Ill.

During the last twelve months there have been 100 accessions to the church at Okmulgee, Okla., where B. F. Hill is the pastor.

The church at Winsboro, Texas, have called to their pastorate, M. M. Smith, and are erecting a parsonage for his use.

W. M. Groves is supplying the pulpit at Jacksonville, Ill., while the pastor, R. F. Thrapp, is on his trip to Palestine.

Claire L. Waite, pastor of the First Church, Milwaukee, speaks with enthusiasm of the work of the new Second Church of that city.

Large audiences are in daily attendance at the union revival meeting in Cameron, Mo. Chas. E. McVay is leading the singing.

During the summer months the churches at Alva, Okla., are holding union Sunday evening services.

The hospital at Chuchow, China, has had during the past year, 7,400 patients with 390 in-patients, an increase of three-fold over former years.

Miss Jennie Jenkinson, Bellefontaine, Ohio, succeeds Miss Ellen Smith as pastoral helper in the church at Columbia, Mo., where M. A. Hart is the pastor.

E. E. Elliott, Peoria, Illinois, is removing to Kansas City, to become one of the secretaries of the National Brotherhood movement.

The church at Athens, Illinois, led by their minister, J. M. Francis, will hold a revival in September. Charles E. McVay will be the song leader.

Henry B. Robinson, pastor at El Paso, Texas, is preaching a series of sermons on "The Kingdom of God and the Program of Jesus, for Civic, Commercial, and Social Life."

The public press of Washington, D. C., made large use of Dr. F. D. Powers' admirable paper on "War against War" presented before the Christian Endeavor Convention recently held at St. Paul.

C. Manly Morton has just been elected corresponding secretary of the North Carolina Christian Missionary Society, succeeding J. R. Rountree. The Christian Century wishes the new secretary the best of success.

Illinois state convention at Eureka, August 30-September 1. J. Fred Jones, corresponding secretary, urges that those who desire lodging and breakfast at the hands of the church, write David H. Shields, pastor at Eureka.

A fine program was held by the church at Shenandoah, Ia., July 30, on the occasion of the graduation of the teacher training class. The address was by Edgar Price, Council Bluffs.

T. J. Golightly preached the baccalaureate sermon July 25, to the classes graduating from the Western Normal College at Shenandoah, Iowa. The services in all other churches were dismissed for this meeting.

The Illinois State Secretary, J. Fred Jones, has arranged the Illinois Headquarters at Pittsburgh to be at the Fort Pitt Hotel; European, \$1.00 and upward. The society will have a special train from Bloomington.

A telegram from L. L. Carpenter says: "Bethany assembly crowd equal to last year. Two thousand people heard concert, Sunday. C. W. B. M. and Bible school conference this week."

Arthur Holmes, Philadelphia, recently supplied the pulpit of the Sterling Place Church, Brooklyn, speaking on "A Man's Work in the Church." Thomas H. Bates was the preacher in this church July 18.

O. W. Winter, pastor of the church at Belding, Mich., supplied the pulpit of the Fifth Ave. Church, Grand Rapids, July 11. Homer Sala, Wellsville, Ohio, has been called to the pastorate of the Fifth Ave. Church.

Much space was given in local papers to an address by W. E. Crabtree, First Church, San Diego, Cal., on "John Calvin, Benefactor." The address was delivered on the 400th anniversary of the birth of "The Great Geneva."

A Pittsburg club has been organized among the Disciples of Des Moines. It is composed of those who plan to attend the Centennial. A campaign will be conducted in an effort to secure sufficient number of passengers to get a special train from Des Moines.

It is announced that W. M. Taylor has resigned the pastorate of the Soniat Ave. Church, New Orleans, La., thus closing a pastorate of three years. Mr. Taylor is well remembered as one of the genial hosts of the convention last year.

By recommendation of the Ohio Convention, Ohio Fellowship Day will be observed the first Sunday in October. On this day the pastors of the state will exchange pulpits, having one sermon in each church on State Missions.

The church at North Yakima, Washington, has granted its pastor, Morton L. Rose, a two months' vacation, which he and his family are spending at Magnolia Beach, Washington. During the pastor's absence the pulpit is being supplied by Allen Hickey, L. D. Green, Frank A. Luse and Mrs. Cora Green.

Professor W. D. MacClintock, who has been spending the early part of the summer at Boulder, Colorado, in lecture work in connection with the State University, has returned to Chicago to resume his teaching at the University of Chicago during the second term of the summer quarter.

James R. McIntyre and wife of Grand Island, Nebraska, are spending a few weeks on the Pacific Coast; their address being at 518 Maple avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. For three years Mr. McIntyre has been pastor of the church at Grand Island. During this time there have been 226 additions to the church.

Levi G. Batman, who has for six years been pastor of the First Church Philadelphia, has received and accepted a call to the First Church, Youngstown, Ohio, where he succeeds J. R. Ewers, recently called to East End, Pittsburg. Mr. Batman has done excellent work in Pittsburg and is just the man to continue the fine work Mr. Ewers has been doing in Youngstown.

A \$6,000 church building was dedicated at Joliet, Montana, July 18, by Edward E. Cowperthwaite, pastor at Billings, Mont. State Secretary T. S. Raum was present, and with the assistance of his singer, Prof. Saxton, began a meeting with the church the same day. The pastor, O. G. Shanklin, and his wife are doing an excellent work with the vigorous young church.

The First Church, Lincoln, Nebraska, has inaugurated the single Sunday morning serv-

ice beginning at 10:30 and closing at 12:15. It consists of Bible study, preaching and Communion. They have tried the plan but two Sundays, but are delighted with the results. The attendance for both divisions has increased; reverence and devotion characterize the entire service.

Rev. L. G. Batman, of the First Christian Church of Philadelphia, has resigned that pastorate. He will conclude his work September 1. He has spent a number of very fruitful years in that fine, old church, which has more than seventy-five years of history. His departure will be regretted by his people, who have learned to love him for his work's sake. He will also be missed in the associated Christian work of Philadelphia.

The attendance of students at the University of Chicago during the present summer quarter is considerably larger than in any previous year. This is, in a measure, due to the presence of such eminent teachers as President Mullins, of Louisville, President of the Baptist Theological Seminary, and Professor George Adam Smith, of Glasgow, in addition to the regular staff. Other departments of the university as well as the Divinity School show a marked increase in attendance.

The Second Church, Milwaukee, holds the palm for church building. A church built in three days is their record. Two carpenters began on Thursday and, with the assistance of eighteen other men on Saturday, they finished the work so that services were held in the tabernacle the following Sunday. The church is located on the East side, which is now recognized as the best residence part of the city. Professor Sherman Kirk, who is preaching for the church during the summer, hopes to see a good man located as pastor of the church by autumn. If this can be done, the church will be in a position to erect a fine building within another year.

A. W. Conner, of Lafayette, Ind., has just closed a week's work at Brownsburg, Indiana, in a "campaign for boys." It was a "gala week" with the boys and their friends. The hours spent with Mr. Conner will be long remembered by the people of the community. Forty-one boys were knighted as "Princely Knights of Character Castle" upon showing their proof of loyalty by passing through the "dungeon." A banquet was served by the ladies of the different churches, which was an enjoyable affair for the Princely Knights and their Chosen Friends. The last lesson was given in the presentation of a short drama entitled "The Unseen Friend."

The Japan Harbinger for May contains an interesting account of the marriage at Tokyo, of Mr. Frank Naotaro Otsuka to Miss Ai Ito, which was celebrated on April 3, in the Koishikawa Church of Christ. The service was conducted by Rev. A. W. Place, of the Christian College, and the occasion was one of interest to the community of Disciples. Mr. Otsuka, who is a graduate of Bethany College and of the University of Chicago, will hereafter be occupied with teaching work at the Bible College. Mrs. Otsuka is spoken of as a young woman of Christian training and culture and likely to be a constant source of inspiration in her husband's work. She is a graduate of an arts school in Tokyo and for some time previous to her marriage attended the Methodist Girls' School in Hakodati.

Note—We are sorry that in the "make up" last week the order of the paragraphs by A. W. Taylor was broken up, thus confusing their meaning.—Editors.



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The Indiana State Convention

By Austin Hunter.

The convention of the Indiana Christian Missionary Society was held at Bethany Park July 27-30. The attendance was the best for several years. W. E. M. Hackelman, who has attended several state conventions this spring, stated of the opening session that there were more preachers present than of any state convention he attended with but one exception.

The addresses were of unusual merit. S. D. Dutcher, who has recently come to Terre Haute, spoke upon "State Missions the Basis of Our Missionary Enterprise," and sounded the key note of the convention. W. J. Wright thrilled us with a fine address upon "The Centennial." The convention requested the publication of this address in our leading papers.

E. F. Daugherty, of Wabash, spoke upon "The State of the Cause," in which he sounded out the need of county organization and the elimination of the district as the most effective plan of operation. One afternoon was devoted to a series of short addresses by the District secretaries, touching the practical phases of the work. This conference was one of the most fruitful of the convention.

The report of the corresponding secretary, J. O. Rose, showed an increase over previous years of funds for Indiana missions, though a decrease in the amounts given by churches. The fact that about two thousand dollars, given to this work by the churches as such, has called forth more than five thousand dollars additional, indicates something of the larger possibilities of the work and the fruitfulness of the Indiana field. Through the generosity of Marshall T. Reeves, of Columbus, Wm. Chappell has been supported full time as an additional evangelist, and has done most excellent work. The report of State Evangelist T. J. Legg, as always, was satisfactory in every way. In addition to these regular evangelists the twelfth district in the southern part of the state supports their own evangelist, Melnott Miller, who succeeded in greatly strengthening the work in that district. Also excellent reports were presented from the Lake District in the extreme northwest, where Cecil Sharp and others are leading the work. It was felt that, while Indiana is somewhat behind her sister states in the amount of actual cash raised by the state society, she is second to none in the amount of real missionary work done throughout the state. Many new fields have been entered, many struggling churches have been strengthened and many have been added to the churches through our state evangelists.

The Indiana work suffers by reason of a lack of concentrated interest. Other states have one great convention where the brethren have but practically one opportunity to come together during the year, and so they all quite as much as interest in the work that draws them. But the assembly in Indiana affords ample opportunity for the brethren to meet each other and so those who attend the state convention come because of that interest in the state work. It is felt by many that a better convention would be secured were it held during the spring of the year at some church. It may be that the board of directors will effect this arrangement for the coming year.

The officers selected for the coming year are L. E. Brown, of Lebanon, for president, C. H. Winders, Indianapolis, for vice president, E. E. Moorman, Indianapolis, for recording secretary, and W. D. Moffett, Indianapolis, for treasurer. The new members on the Board of Directors are J. M. Vawter, of Sullivan, and E. F. Daugherty, of Wabash.

A committee was appointed looking to a legal consolidation of the State Missionary Society, the State Sunday-school Association, and the State Christian Endeavor Societies.

Disciples Divinity House

The total attendance in the Divinity School during the First Term of the Summer Quarter surpasses that of any previous summer term. The total registration reaches 227. There are thirty different denominations represented in this number: thirty-four states and eight foreign countries.

The religious bodies sending the largest numbers are as follows: the Baptists, 84; the Disciples, 21; the Methodist Episcopal, South, 18; the Jewish, 16; the Presbyterian, 15; and the Methodist Episcopal, 11.

The Disciples who are registered in the Divinity School are as follows: E. J. Arnot, J. K. Arnot, Prof. E. E. Boyer, W. W. Burks, H. F. Burns, Geo. F. Chandler, W. D. Endres, C. A. Exley, Richard W. Gentry, W. H. Hanna, Prof. F. L. Jewett, Prof. Silas Jones, W. W. Mower, C. A. Pearce, G. W. Sarvis, A. J. Saunders, A. W. Taylor, R. L. Handley, Mrs. C. S. Meriweather.

Besides these, there are as many more Disciples in other departments of the university, of whom Prof. O. B. Clark, Prof. Henry Lloyd, Prof. C. W. Winter, Mrs. E. W. Darst, Miss Mary E. Monahan, are a few.

Letters to the Editors

The New Christian Century Co.:—Your letter requesting me to send names or get subscribers for your paper received. We are readers of *The Christian Standard*, have been for twenty-five years; it is the best paper published. We believe in Moses, that Job lived, that Daniel lived, that Christ is divine, conceived by the Holy Spirit—born of a virgin; that he died on the cross, conquered death, gave the great commission, ascended to heaven, and is King of Kings. We are great friends of McGarvey. We like to read his articles. I preach the old Jerusalem Gospel, as revealed by the Holy Spirit and ever will as long as I live.—John A. Armstrong, Solon, Ohio.

Editor Christian Century:—Your unique editorial in the last issue on "God's reputation," is worth the price of the paper. It will no doubt feed many a hungry heart. The Christian Century is making itself more and more an indispensable visitor to my desk. May God richly bless you in the work you are doing, in loosing the old chains that tied the soul to a dead past of tradition and setting it free to find its God. Yours for an increasing power of the Christian press.—T. J. Gollightly, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Editor Christian Century:—May I take exception to one of the "facts" on which you base your criticism of revivalists? They do

*The Best of a Nation's Wheat—
The Best of a Nation's Bakeries—
The Best of a Nation's Bakers—
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not confine their personal work to the hour of invitation following the sermon. On the contrary, Seoville and his helpers here in Danville carefully canvassed the city, doing more personal work than had been done by others in years. And the pastors who followed up this kind of work not only "held what they got," but frequently "got the rest of the family, too." One church lost very many, indeed, they "lost 'em all." That is, they lost the cards, with names and addresses. But they have saved half their new members in spite of themselves. Among the converts were several preachers, one of whom has had ninety-eight added to his churches.

Danville, Ill.

E. E. Hartley.

[There has been no purpose in the series of articles on revivalism to question such facts as the ones set forth by Mr. Hartley. Our study has been pursued with the explicit statement reiterated that we are far from denying that our present day evangelism is productive of good results. For all this good we thank God. But the truth of our critique would not be offset if all the signers of cards joined the churches, and if all who joined the churches remained in them—an ideal condition which is far from realized in any revival but which we are willing to hypothecate in order to make the point of our argument more clear.—Editors.]

Ohio Headquarters

The Committee appointed at the recent Ohio State Convention, held at Elyria, for the purpose of arranging for Ohio Headquarters at some good hotel in Pittsburg during the coming Centennial Convention, have chosen 'he Colonial Annex as such Headquarters. Cars going to the Convention Halls pass the hotel, it being a fifteen or twenty minute ride to the Halls.

Rates, European plan, are \$1.00 a day and up. We recommend that those desiring to be accommodated at Ohio Headquarters engage their rooms as soon as possible. The number of rooms, especially at the lower rate, are limited. Many delegates have already engaged rooms for the convention. Write direct to L. F. Kloor, Manager Colonial Annex, Pittsburg.

Mary Alice Lyons,
H. Newton Miller,
Jay Elwood Lynn,
Committee.

A Visit to Nebraska

On Wednesday morning, July 14, the writer left Vincennes, Ind., for Nebraska. Through Missouri we encountered high waters everywhere. We passed through fields that fairly groaned because of the great harvests that are to be found on them. During the last twenty years the writer has crossed the great Mississippi-Missouri River Valley country twenty-seven times, but never before has he seen such a crop growing on it as may be seen now. The harvest is indeed bountiful.

The first stop was made at Pawnee City, Nebraska. The fates were with us. It so happened that we arrived when the C. W. B. M. ladies had arranged for a picnic. It was a great privilege to meet so many of the excellent workers of the Pawnee Church. We are indebted to Chas. L. Wheeler, the pastor of the church, and Mrs. Wheeler, for many kindnesses and courtesies shown us. It was a great pleasure to meet Mr. and Mrs. Griffith, father and mother of Olive Griffith, our missionary in India. The ladies rendered a most excellent program. It was a joy to speak to them. The whole church is loud in its praises of Evangelist Wilhite, who had just closed a meeting there that resulted in seventy-eight additions.

From Pawnee City we went to Fairbury, Nebraska, a former field of labor. Luther Nelson, one of the saints of the Fairbury Church, met us, taking us from the train to the church, where a large number of the persons were waiting for us. It was a happy moment in our life to meet the people for whom we had ministered in former years.

This church has been a great church for years. It is greater now than it has ever been. The present pastor, Thomas A. Maxwell, is much beloved by the church.

From Fairbury we went to Bethany, Nebraska. A Christian Endeavor Echo meeting was being held in the Bethany Tabernacle. It gave us the opportunity to meet many that we had known in former years. We were again treated to a fine outdoor repast. While in Bethany we had the pleasure of being in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Aylsworth. This was a great joy. Twenty years ago the writer entered Cotner University. During these twenty years many changes have come. Many times during these years the fate of the university seemed to hang in the balance. But during all of its trying years, one man, above all others, has stood by the university. This man has been President Aylsworth. The Lord never made a more saintly character nor a more heroic spirit than Pres. Aylsworth. He has literally poured out his life for others. Many students, the writer among them, can rise up and call him blessed. To receive a double portion of his spirit is all that any Elias could ask of this Elijah among the teachers of the prophets. Cotner University, that he has been a father to for twenty years, is now in its most prosperous condition. The future is bright for a great school. To parents that are seeking a school where they may send their children to school with a feeling that their moral and spiritual interests will be looked after, as well as their intellectual and physical development, I would say, you can send them to no better place than Cotner.

While in Bethany we enjoyed a visit with H. O. Pritchard, pastor of the Bethany Church. His work with Bethany Church prospers. The fine new building that the congregation is erecting will soon be ready for occupancy. It is an elegant and most commodious structure. It will mean a great forward step for the Bethany Church. The congregation has worshipped for nearly twenty years in the college chapel.

We next visited H. H. Harmon, pastor of the First Church in Lincoln. Brother Harmon is doing a great work in Lincoln. It made our heart glad to learn of the great proportions to which the work in Lincoln has grown. The new building recently dedicated is a great workshop. While the church is already a great hive of activity, it is still planning for larger things. This great church right in the state capitol, Lincoln, is destined to work out a great influence for our cause throughout the entire state. Brother Harmon has the elements of a great leader.

From Lincoln we journeyed to Valparaiso, the home of our childhood. What shall a man say of his home? Simply this: "There is no place like home." Valparaiso is where brothers, sister, and father live, and where mother lies quietly sleeping in the silent village churchyard. For three years the writer preached for the church in Valparaiso while he was a student in Cotner University. The church has suffered much by removals and by deaths. It has given much of its strength that other congregations might be organized in other fields. But, while there have been great losses by removals and by death, there is still left a faithful band that is determined to hold up the cross of King Immanuel. Prof. J. E. Beattie has been called to preach for the church this coming year. We shall look for a year of splendid growth under his wise ministration. On Sunday we had the great joy of preaching for the congregation. Great audiences greeted us both morning and evening. The Methodist people adjourned their services and met with us.

We returned to the good old Hoosier State feeling that it was a rare treat to sojourn in the great state of Nebraska, where everything is large with opportunity. The Century has many friends in Nebraska. The high character of the paper is making a deep impression on many.

William Oeschger.

Every Minister a Reporter

I lately embodied Wr. R. Warren's article, "Centennial of the Disciples of Christ," which I presume every one of our ministers has seen, in three of the great dailies of Kansas City,

Missouri. The editors were not only glad to get the report of our forthcoming Centennial and a short history of our movement, but asked for a photograph of Alexander Campbell, which I furnished, so that they could run a cut of this apostle of union in their columns. Had I sought to purchase the four columns and a half of space which they freely gave, from these papers, it would have cost me \$300.00. My suggestion is that every preacher among us will follow the example of Brother Priest of Columbus, Ohio, and see that their papers make an announcement of the convention and a short history of our movement.

This will in some measure aid the herculean efforts of Brother Warren, who has so efficiently served our great Brotherhood, in the capacity of General Secretary. Brethren, please do not neglect this very important matter, another day. "Do it now."

James Small.

Keuka College, Keuka Park New York

In our papers we have recently seen accounts of almost every College among our great Brotherhood, except that of Keuka College. But the last is not the least.

Keuka College is situated in Yates County on Keuka Lake—a beautiful body of water, twenty-two miles in length. Steamers pass in front of the college several times daily, discharging and taking on passengers. I am told that Dr. John H. Vincent, of Chautauqua fame, preferred Keuka Lake to Chautauqua Lake for the location of the greatest summer school in the world.

Keuka College is located four miles from Penn Yan—a town of about 5,000—and an electric line along the lake's edge connects the two places, besides there being two lines of steamers. The college building is worth \$100,000.00. It is five stories high, sixty-five feet wide and 200 feet long, built of red brick and crowned with slate. The property is well worth \$150,000.00.

We, the Disciples of Christ, were invited by the Free Baptists to join them in the conduct of Keuka College, to name the president from among our Brotherhood, to establish the Bible Department and place at its head one of our brethren and to name others on the faculty and the Board of Trustees.

In March, Arthur Braden, graduate of Hiram College, and also of the Theological Seminary in Auburn, New York, where he

GOT TO Have Sharp Brains Nowadays or Drop Back.

The man of today, no matter what his calling, needs a sharp brain, and to get this he needs food that not only gives muscle and strength but brain and nerve power as well.

A carpenter and builder of Marquette, who is energetic and wants to advance in his business read an article about food in a religious paper and in speaking of his experience he said:

"Up to three years ago I had not been able to study or use my thinking powers to any extent. There was something lacking and I know now that it was due to the fact that my food was not rebuilding my brain."

"About this time I began the use of Grape-Nuts food, and the result has been that now I can think and plan with some success. It has not only rebuilt my brain until it is stronger and surer and more active, but my muscles are also harder and more firm, where they used to be loose and soft, and my stomach is now in perfect condition."

"I can endure more than twice the amount of fatigue and my rest at night always completely restores me. In other words, I am enjoying life and I attribute it to the fact that I have found a perfect food." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

has been a successful pastor four years, was chosen as professor of Sacred Literature. In June, at the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees, he was elected president of the college. He graduated with honors in the Auburn Theological Seminary, where he is highly regarded.

The Department of Sacred Literature includes English Bible, New Testament Greek, Church History, Hebrew, the Old Testament, the New Testament, Homiletics and Apologetics. The English Bible will afford a practical study of the scriptures in English, and courses in systematic and pastoral theology.

Last September the writer was chosen as vice president and field secretary of the college, and to pave the way for a consummation of the plans agreed upon by the Free Baptists and Disciples of Christ in the conduct of the college. More than \$7,000.00 has been raised, mostly in cash. Of this amount, the Hon. Thomas W. Phillips, of New Castle, Penn., gave \$1,000. The Ball Brothers of Muncie, Ind., gave \$2,000.00. These gentlemen are generous friends of the college, and, we believe, will continue to respond in proportion to the response on the part of the Disciples of Christ. Thus far our brethren in New England where I have visited are generously interested in Keuka College. Our churches are few in the East, but never has any Christian enterprise met with greater favor among them than has this Keuka College. We have a four years' preparatory course, affording a diploma under the seal of the University of New York; and after this a four years' course, giving an A. B. degree, under the seal of the University of New York, because our college is in honorable relation with that well known institution which gives a graduate a standing in every state of the Union. We know of no other school affording a student ten months' education for less cost.

Peter Ainslie, of Baltimore, says, that no greater opportunity has come to the Disciples of Christ in the century than the one in Keuka College.

Lowell C. McPherson.

Keuka Park, Yates Co., N. Y.

A Word to the Bible School Superintendent

Bible school superintendents are reminded that the work of the National Christian Bible School Association depends upon a prompt response to the suggestion of the Central Committee, P. H. Welshimer, R. M. Hopkins, and H. H. Moninger, that each Bible school in the Brotherhood sends us one of its regular offerings in July or August to the National Superintendent, Marion Stevenson, 393 North Euclid avenue, St. Louis, Mo. Only a few of the schools have yet responded to this reasonable request.

The National Christian Bible School Association needs \$2,000 to enable it to carry out its large and helpful plans for the three months preceding the Pittsburg convention. No school can afford to miss its fellowship in the national work. Few will refuse to give us one of their fifty-two offerings, if they are asked to do so. Send it now to the National Superintendent, address given above.

Marion Stevenson.

Prince Edward Island Letter

By Hugh T. Morrison.

Prince Edward Island, lying in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is the smallest of the Canadian provinces, containing but little over 2,000 square miles with a population of about 100,000. Its pastoral scenery is most delightful. In all my travels I have found no country that excels it in the beauty of its scenery in the summer season. But its winters are long and severe. The people are intelligent, moral, happy and hospitable. No better place for rest and recreation can be found in the summer season.

The writer spent four years of his early life on this island. Here he became a disciple of Christ, laid down the carpenter's tools to enter the ministry, preached his first sermons and married the woman who shared

his lot as wife and mother for more than thirty years.

When in London, on my return trip from Australia, I received an invitation to become pastor of a union church, composed of Baptists and Disciples, on this, the extreme eastern end of the island. For more than fifty years the community had been divided between these two parties, with the usual amount of misunderstanding and bitterness. Each party, with a good house of its own, was too weak to keep up its expenses and support a pastor. Over two years ago the leaders of both churches got together and unanimously agreed that the time had come to co-operate. They agreed to worship together, meeting alternately on Lord's Day mornings in both churches, and in the evenings at the Baptist church, the larger of the two, and henceforth support one pastor. The union is a case of federation, pure and simple. Neither church gives up its name, its organization, its board of officers, or its denominational treasury. At all the meetings in the Christian Church the Lord's Supper is observed as it always had been observed. In the Baptist Church it is observed once a month.

The first pastor was a Baptist, and served the church for more than a year with the greatest satisfaction. The writer has now had charge of the work for the last four months, and as far as he can see, perfect harmony prevails. I have been in about a hundred homes, composing my congregation, and as yet have not heard a word of dissatisfaction with the union, or with the way in which the work is being done. I am now preaching to congregations of 250. As it was before the union 100 would have been considered a good congregation at either church. As time moves on the members of both churches are drawing closer together, and little or nothing is heard of party names or party ideas. I am profoundly convinced that living and working together is the only way out of partyism, and into the unity for which the blessed Master prayed.

Bothwell, P. E. Island, July 24.

CENTENNIAL OFFERING FOR CHURCH EXTENSION

It begins the First Sunday of September and should actively continue every Sunday of September and October until every missionary church has sent a liberal Centennial Offering.

PUT UP THAT MAP AND ORDER THOSE SUPPLIES

A poster-map and a post-card have been sent to every pastor or correspondent. Give the Map a Conspicuous place in your Auditorium and call attention to it. It shows a great work done by the Board of Church Extension. Fill out the post-card, ordering your supplies for the Annual Offering and send the post-card to G. W. Muckley, Kansas City, Mo. He will furnish up-to-date literature. It is attractive and the people will need it if you give it to them with a word of commendation.

IF INFORMATION IS GIVEN, MONEY IS GIVEN

People want the facts. We are criminally neglectful if we fail to give glowing facts to the brethren and thus fail to get money for the Extension of the Kingdom. The Church Extension Board has stirred up great activity in mission church building this Centennial Year by promising nearly \$200,000 to 153 congregations to help them build. Let us help our Church Extension Board to pay these loans by rolling up a great offering for that work in the month of September.

LISTEN TO THIS: THINK HARD ABOUT IT

- 1.—1,248 churches have been helped to their buildings by the Church Extension Fund in 44 states.
- 2.—684 of these have paid their loans in full.
- 3.—Over \$864,000 has been returned on loans, showing that the Church Extension Plan of having the money go out and, returning, go out again and again, is working beyond our fondest hopes.
- 4.—The Pity is that

ONLY 1,700 CONGREGATIONS

of our stronger churches have ever had fellowship in the annual Offering for Church Extension. Let us make it Unanimous This Year!

Did you ever inquire about the Church Extension Annuity Plan? It is advantageous to you and to the church. Write

G. W. MUCKLEY, 500 Water Works Building, Kansas City, Missouri.



MR. AND MRS. HERBERT SMITH.

The Christian Century takes pleasure in presenting to its readers Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Smith, who have gone with Dr. Royal J. Dye to Africa. Mr. Smith, it will be remembered, graduated at Bethany College in June. Within a month he married and with his wife set sail with Dr. Dye. Chicago Disciples are happy over the part they had in sending these good people to help the beloved Dr. Dye.

Centennial Bulletin

Every day brings the Centennial Convention one day nearer.

Every day sees an increase in the work and larger indications that we will have the largest religious gathering of modern times, in Pittsburg, in October.

Every day brings new inquiries for reservations of rooms and it is to be hoped that every one coming will, as soon as possible, make that fact known to our good Brother Fred Marsh Gordon, who is chairman of the Entertainment Committee. Address him at the Centennial Headquarters, Bissell Block, and you will receive prompt and efficient attention. It would be a good thing if you would send your registration fee in, for then you would receive your room assignment in advance, your program and your souvenir badge which entitles the wearer to entrance to all of the meetings of the Convention, as well as many other courtesies that the good people of Pittsburg will shower upon our delegates from all parts of the world.

The Prospectus.

By the time this appears in print, the Prospectus will be on its way to thousands of people all over the United States. For three years Brother Warren has been collecting a selected list of names of the best people in the brotherhood to whom the prospectus will be sent. If you do not get one, it is not Brother Warren's fault, for he has tried to get your name many times from your preacher, but preachers, unfortunately, like other mortals, sometimes fail to realize the importance of doing the thing right now. But if you want a prospectus, address the writer and he will mail you one at once.

This prospectus is a very finely gotten up book of eighty pages, and is printed on the best of calendared paper, and is superbly illustrated. No better prospectus was ever sent out. It costs \$2,000.00 to get out the 100,000 edition, and two cents to mail it, so if you want one, while it is free, it would be a graceful thing to enclose at least a two cent stamp for it.

The prospectus tells all about train rates, hotels, places of meetings and points of interest in and around the "great workshop of the world." You will want it as a souvenir of the Centennial; so send in early for it.

A Brother and the Roll Book.

A good brother out in Danville, Ill., by name, E. E. Hartley, writes to the Centennial office telling how he is handling the Centennial Roll Book. He says that he is making a canvass of all the churches in his county,

asking and insisting that every church have a book and that every member of the church be enrolled. Good! If we had a million men like him we could take this country for Christ in short order.

The First Edition of Centennial Folders.

The first edition of Centennial folders reached the great total of 100,000. This has been entirely exhausted and a second hundred thousand is now on the press and ready for mailing. From the manner in which inquiries are coming in we will reach our 50,000 mark without trouble.

Centennial Stickers.

We have sent from headquarters in the Bissell block, more than half a million of the Centennial stickers to be used on envelopes in all parts of the mailing territory of Uncle Sam. The way they are being returned to us stuck upon the envelopes indicates that they are being used wisely and well. These stickers form a simple and unique way of advertising the convention, and if you have had none of them, or want more, address as below and they will be sent immediately.

The Real Purpose of the Convention.

Have you thought relative to the real purpose of the Convention and the Centennial?

Perhaps you have thought of it as a time and occasion when you might meet old friends and rejoice in seeing familiar faces of the long ago. The cry, "On to Pittsburg," indicates that many are coming for the purpose of meeting old friends. That is well and that is good. But there's something more to the Convention than the meeting of old friends.

Perhaps you have thought of the Convention and the Centennial as the opportunity and the occasion for a great rejoicing because of what we, as a people, have accomplished. Well, we have done much and we have a reason to congratulate ourselves on the effort and the achievements of the past. But that's not all there is to the Centennial and the Convention.

Perhaps you have thought of it as a great time when the hosts of the Lord will come up to hear the thrilling reports, see our splendid missionaries and listen to the great addresses. All that is good! You will do all this and more! But there is more to the Centennial Convention than this.

It should be a great time of "loin girding, range finding and heart searching." More than that, because of what the Lord hath done for us, it should be a time of renewed

consecration to the work God has given us to do. We have raised up to help other people up. We have been united that we may unite other people. When the Disciples of Christ have no distinctive plea to offer the people, God will have no distinctive use for us. We have been fed on the Bread of Life, that we may feed it to others. We have been privileged to drink of the Wells of Salvation that we give the Water of Life to others. There is a giving that does not impoverish, there is a withholding that does not enrich. God has given us that we may give to others. The fields are white for a great harvest. The Convention and the Centennial should mean for us a sharpening of our sickles, and a reaping of the grain for the garner of Eternity. When we work as though all depended on us and pray as though all depended on God, when we work, watch, pray, then we shall get from the Centennial and the Convention the strength and the inspiration to do even greater things than we have ever done before.

Brethren, pray for the Centennial, the Convention, the speakers, and all who, in any way, help to make it the success it is going to be.

Sincerely yours,

John Anderson Jayne,
Chairman Publicity Committee.

Pittsburg Letter

Even our best workers have heard the call of the wild and in a week or two many of our churches will be without shepherds. C. L. Thurgood and wife of Central are off now. He is the honored President of our Ministerial Association. Thomas H. Hughes is off too,—most likely holding a meeting. Turtle Creek found a Master Worker in this man. J. G. Slayter is at Johnstown. This church is anxious to retain his services. Howard Cram-

THE NEW WOMAN

Made Over by Quitting Coffee.

Coffee probably wrecks a greater percentage of Southerners than of Northern people for Southerners use it more freely.

The work it does is distressing enough in some instances; as an illustration, a woman of Richmond, Va., writes:

"I was a coffee drinker for years and for about six years my health was completely shattered. I suffered fearfully with headaches and nervousness, also palpitation of the heart and loss of appetite.

"My sight gradually began to fail and finally I lost the sight of one eye altogether. The eye was operated upon and the sight partially restored, then I became totally blind in the other eye.

"My doctor used to urge me to give up coffee but I was wilful and continued to drink it until finally in a case of severe illness the doctor insisted that I must give up the coffee, so I began using Postum and in a month I felt like a new creature.

"I steadily gained in health and strength. About a month ago I began using Grape-Nuts food and the effect has been wonderful. I really feel like a new woman and have gained about 25 pounds.

"I am quite an elderly lady and before using Postum and Grape-Nuts I could not walk a square without fatigue, now I walk ten or twelve without feeling it. Formerly in reading I could remember but little but now my memory holds fast what I read.

"Several friends who have seen the remarkable effects of Postum and Grape-Nuts on me have urged that I give the facts to the public for the sake of suffering humanity, so, although I dislike publicity, you can publish this letter if you like."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

blet has a new building in mind for the McKeesport Church. It is the vision of a great Bible School. J. Walter Carpenter and wife at Uniontown have practically applied the latest methods in a great Bible School. E. A. Cole never gets through talking about the Bible School at Washington. And well he may be proud for even during these hot days more than two hundred attend his class alone. And we doubt not that often the busy church fades out of view and he sees the thirty odd rustics out in the depths of the virgin forest at Brush Run,—the first Bible School of the Campbells. But the thirty in this district has become twenty thousand, and again the Word has grown and multiplied. We have a lot of men in our Pittsburgh district with Bible School ideals. C. A. MacDonald of McKees Rocks is preparing to be a Bible School Evangelist. Fred M. Gordon keeps on the front line at Knowville. Just now he has an assistant. His mid-summer park meetings have become famous. D. R. Moss is delighted with his experiment of the Pleasant Sunday afternoon at Homestead. Percy A. Davis of Duquesne deserves special praise in tiding the church through a most critical period of her history. Recently Errett Burgess Quick became the pastor of Braddock. William Ross Lloyd assisted most ably by Supt. Farr has brought Bellevue up to the front line in Bible School work. Old Allegheny is to be beautifully frescoed and carpeted before the Centennial so that Wallace Tharp and his splendid workers may give the royal welcome to all visitors to this honored Mother Church. J. A. Joyce, after a long wait, hopes to have a chapel up at Sheridan before the Centennial. J. D. Dabney says that Butler will dedicate her first house of worship before Christmas. George W. Knepper, always optimistic, is planning greater things for Wilksburg. The

Ministerial Association has been tendered the music room of Frederick's great music house in which to hold the Monday meetings. For this summer there will be no vacation. Each Monday morning we will have the glad hand for visiting ministers.

The pilot at the Centennial wheel is W. R. Warren. In the past three years he has guided the ship through shallows and rapids and amidst all sorts of rocks and now it is



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out in smooth waters in sight of the haven. What would have daunted many another man he set himself to accomplish. It is being worthily done, too, and when it is all over we will honor the man who set a high standard and made us all work to it. And from the beginning his stenographer, Miss Shields, with rare fidelity has made his work hers, becoming responsible for its distribution and wonderfully aiding him in the attainment of his splendid ideals. This fidelity has characterized all others who have in any way worked for him.

And what shall we say of the men at the head of the departments? It has been a fine illustration of team work. J. A. Jayne, already well known in newspaper circles, is at the head of the Publicity Department. And he will make it go, too. G. W. Knepper is fast filling the pulpits prospectively for Lord's Day, October 17, 1909. Fred M. Gordon is securing places for thirty thousand guests in private homes. S. E. Brewster has

a great room for exhibits and will be able soon to announce the space allotted to various exhibitors. C. L. Thurgood expects to have the time of his life in piloting excursionists. The writer is ready with the music of the program. E. A. Hibler, the new Corresponding Secretary of Western Pennsylvania, is working with the Centennial Bureau until the Convention is over. Pittsburgh business men have finally wakened up and many are backing up our undertaking in a most substantial way.

July 21, 1909.

O. H. Philips,
203 Bissell Block.

"I heard him behind the door pleading for just one. They must be engaged."
"Naw, they're married. It was a dollar he was pleading for."—Washington Herald.

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FOR CATALOG OR FURTHER INFORMATION, ADDRESS, The President, Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa

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This volume is the classic for this our Centennial year.

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